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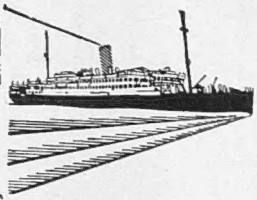
IN EVER-CHANGING SCENERY

CRUISING PROGRAMME 1929



TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

"*ARCADIAN*"

April 12. Venice, Constantinople, etc. 33 days.* Fares from 60 guineas.

May 17. Morocco and Atlantic Islands. 15 days.* Fares from 27 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

June 28. Spain, Portugal, Tangier. 14 days.* Fares from 22 guineas.

July 13. Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona. 13 days.* Fares from 20 guineas.

July 27. Spain, Portugal, Tangier. 16 days.* Fares from 26 guineas.

Aug. 16. Venice, Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Sept. 6. Venice. Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

Sept. 13. Athens, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Oct. 4. Algiers, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

Oct. 11. Naples, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

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TO NORWAY

"*ARCADIAN*"

June 14. North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (June 15). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

"*AVON*"

June 28. From London and Leith (June 29). 12 days. Fares from 19 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

July 5. Iceland. Spitzbergen, North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (July 6). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

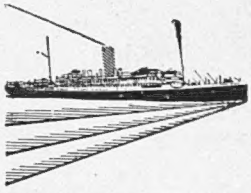
July 26. From Immingham and Leith (July 27). 14 days. Fares from 22 guineas.

"*AVON*"

Aug. 2. From London and Leith (Aug. 3). 12 days. Fares from 19 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Aug. 10. Northern Capitals. From Immingham and Leith (Aug. 11). 21 days. Fares from 32 guineas.



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"*AVON*"

June 14. From Southampton. 12 days. Fares from 19 gns.

ROUND BRITISH ISLES

"*AVON*"

July 13. 16 days.* Fares from 25 guineas.

Aug. 17. 12 days.* Fares from 19 guineas.

Aug. 31. 14 days.* Fares from 22 guineas.

**From London* (*Tilbury*).

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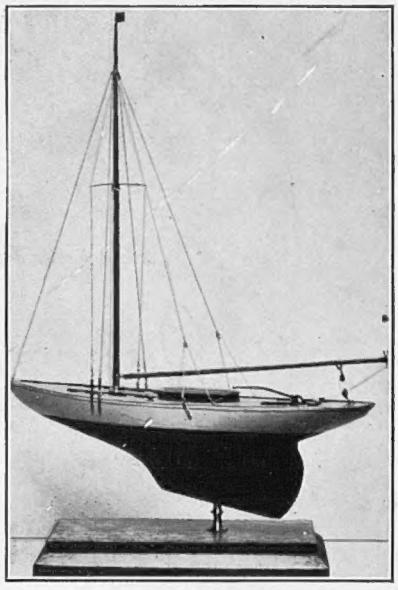


MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON

Length overall approximately 11 ins.

50 copies only.

Mr. Mason has produced a model which will be of peculiar interest to a numerous body of yachtsmen. The photograph shows a type only of the International Six-Metre Class. Owing to the method of construction employed in the production of these models, it is poss ble for each model to embody individual peculiarities—*e.g.*, bow design, masting and rig, etc., on data being furnished, as well as such details as name, racing flag, colour of hull. If desired, a suit of sails to correct sail plan can be furnished. The model, being mounted on a single pivot, can be swung round and scrutinised in every aspect. Fifty reproductions only will be made, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Eighteen Guineas (if with suit of sails Twenty Guineas), packing and transport extra. Orders will be executed strictly in rotation.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

The Bystander, March 20, 1929

No. 1318. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

BY S MEUNIER

TROUBLE BRUIN

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

BY H. H. HARRIS

G. B. S. finds the word modesty *in his pocket dictionary*

I DEBATE WITH SHAW

The Press agent of "Major Barbara," using his usual publicity trick, intends staging a debate on "Major Barbara," at which, no doubt, G. K. Chesterton and Conal O'Riordan will, as usual, take part.

Swaffer, one of the wittiest speakers in England, was asked to debate.

"I am a journalist," he said. "I shall dictate my speech to my secretary—and sell it."

Some of Swaffer's speech is used below.—[EDITOR, BYSTANDER.]

by Hannen Swaffer

Sketches by NORMAN KAY

"The trouble with Shaw is that he wears whiskers"

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When I saw *Major Barbara* revived, a quarter of a century after its first performance, my mind played around that word "revive," which means bringing back to life something that is nearly dead, like a drowning man. They lay him on the beach and wag his arms about.

Revivals of plays usually bore me. They never stand it. I can never sit through *She Stoops to Conquer* with patience. Like all things, even the drama moves on . . .

Except when they deal with history, which is no more wrong than it used to be, even Ibsen and Shaw soon date. Being combative journalists, they indicted the evils of their time, and that was the end of it. *A Doll's House* is as dead as the dodo.

I ALWAYS despised the Coliseum audience until, one day, it did not laugh at *Blanco Posnet*. Then I realised there was something decent left, even in a theatre. When you remember that, after it was banned by the Censor, *Blanco Posnet* was played at the Alhambra by Young Buffalo, of all the people in the world, well, that is much funnier than any Shaw play.

THE trouble with Shaw is that he wears whiskers. I discovered, years ago, that the only men who never changed their opinions were those who never shaved their chins. But for the razor men would never have had to stare at themselves in the glass every morning. While it makes the foolish ones very vain, it makes the clever ones very humble. It even makes some use the razor to cut their throats. It makes the wise ones see through themselves. The whiskered ones escape.

I seriously suggest to Mr. Shaw that he buys a safety razor—he is too old now to be trusted with the old-fashioned kind—and that every morning, for a quarter of an hour, he first covers his face up with lather and then uncovers his soul with a nice scrape-blade. He would not dare to repeat himself if he shaved his chin.

The mirror exposes everything. The looking-glass is the one thing which the theatre cannot show. It dare not hold the mirror up to its own footlights. So, always, when you see a stage mirror, you see some whitewash on it. That is why the stage is such a cloudy reflection of life.

IT was pretty sickening, the other night, to hear Shaw saying, once again, "Every true Englishman detests the English."

That is utterly untrue. The only people who hate themselves are the Irish, which is proved by the fact that no rich Irishman who has made money abroad ever goes home again. The two exceptions are John McCormack, who goes for a visit, and Boss Croker, who soon died. If Shaw so hates the English, why does he live here? Ireland is quite a safe place for him now, except that it wants to censor his books.

The English do not hate each other. In fact, it is their love for themselves that annoys every other race. Besides, if the Irish were as clever as they think, we should all be talking Erse.

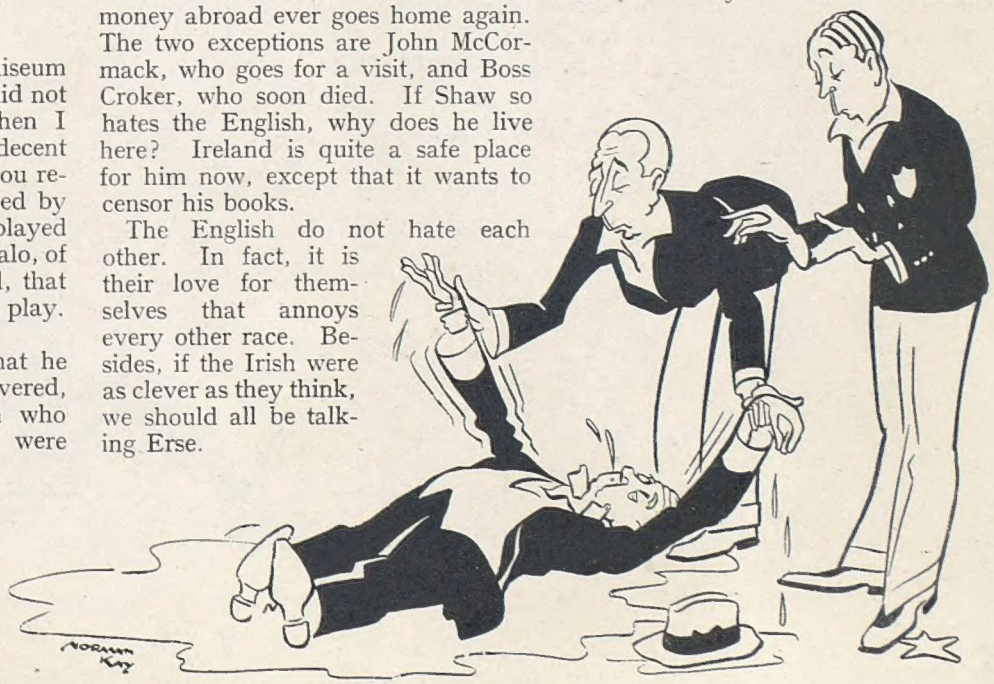
Major Barbara, which is crammed full with misstatements, is made stupid with childish jokes like "I had rather go and live in some cheap place like Bedford Square or even Hampstead."

The loud laughter which followed this remark gave you an idea of the mentality of the audience. Highbrow audiences always laugh at the stage mention of Hampstead. No one knows why they do. Shaw knows, apparently. So, copying the fashion, he put the line in.

I DENY that Andrew Undershaft could possibly exist.

I deny that munition manufacturers purposely make war, just as I deny that Lord Dawson of Penn purposely creates disease. Both disease and war are preventible things which create a market for something which, naturally, is supplied.

I deny that in England—I am sticking to the facts I know, and not following Shaw's example by making assertions—any munition manufac-



"They lay him on the beach and wag his arms about"

I DEBATE WITH SHAW (*Continued*) BY HANNEN SWAFFER

"Munition makers go on their knees to you"

turer has any control over the Press. I have edited newspapers in my time and I have never once seen one indication of it. Why, munition makers go on their knees to you to ask you to use their wives' pictures.

If they ran governments, surely someone would have blown the gaff. If Lloyd George would not do it, well, John Morley would have done so. If Asquith had been afraid, would not John Burns have said so, once?

I GET tired of these wild sayings by wild men. Bernard Shaw seldom acquaints himself with the facts. I think he gets them from newspapers and does not know what the newspapers leave out. A journalist's memory is made up of unrecorded things. I notice, whenever people who write books about famous crimes come into a newspaper office, that they merely look up the files and never interview the reporters who went out on the story, and learn about the things they couldn't print at the time.

GALSWORTHY'S play, *The Show*, which exposed journalism, was, as I told him, not only inaccurate, but not nearly as strong as it could have been.

There are pages of Shaw which are great literature. Some of the end of *Back to Methuselah* reaches sublime heights. The Inquisitor's speech in *Saint Joan* is the last word in logic, defending the cruellest idea in history. In writing the epilogue to *Saint Joan* Shaw rendered To-day's martyrs a great service.

BUT much that he writes is both bunk and banality. He ridicules the Salvation Army by choosing as his two converts two humbugs. He funks the fact. You should indict the Salvation Army, if you object to it, by indicting its genuine conversions.

SHAW imagines that religion never moves. It moves, of course, much faster than Mr. Shaw. The Church of England is moving so quickly that one-third of it wants to go all the way back to Henry VIII. Going back is real progress.

I will quote, as a definite case, Shaw's attitude towards psychical research, which, unknown to him, is revitalising the faith of modern England. A few years ago I wrote to him and asked him to a *séance*, foolishly thinking it would interest him.

"I gave up table rapping in my childhood days," he replied.

I was brutal enough, remembering his habit of writing rude postcards, to reply, "Now that you are approaching your second childhood I thought you might like to have another try."

ALTHOUGH I have at times regretted sending this answer—I find I often regret speaking the truth—I repeat it here because, while Shaw, thought to be a daring thinker, deliberately turned his back on psychical science, it happened, not many weeks later, that Dr. Oesterley, the examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, acknowledged in public, in my hearing, one particular debt he owed to psychical research, while the Christian Evidence Society, in an official pamphlet on survival, written by its secretary, fell back on the discoveries of the Psychical Research Society for its main conclusions! This pamphlet was published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, a branch of the Church of England!

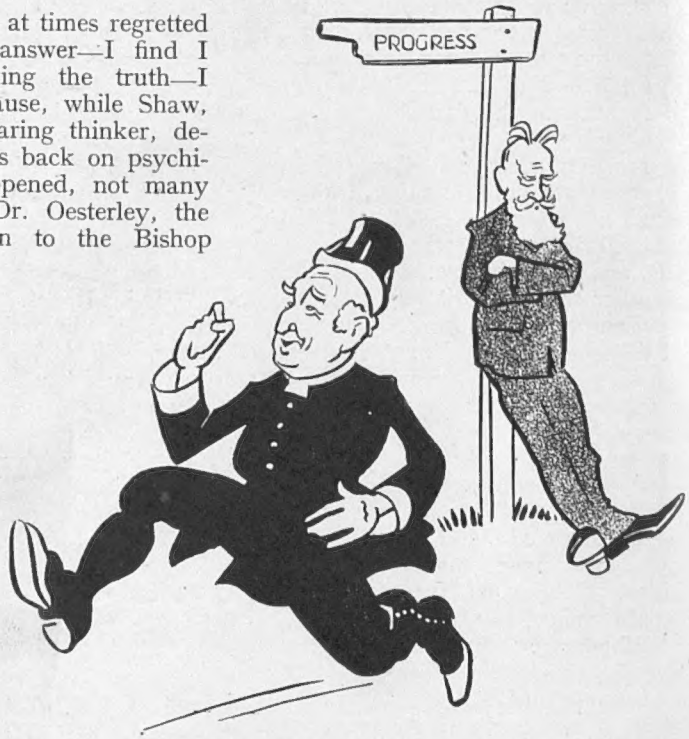
It shows, you see, how even the Church of England, which Shaw pillories in *Major Barbara*, is much more advanced than he is. He merely thinks he knew it all when he was a little boy.

IF I had time, Mr. Chairman, I would take almost every line of *Major Barbara* and throw it in Shaw's face, torn into scraps of pre-War paper. It is as old-fashioned as its long speeches.

Major Barbara and Cusins and Lady Britomart, and half the characters, are all impossible people. They all talk, at times, like Shaw, and Shaw talks too much.

THE greatest munition maker in England is neither a man nor a firm, but the nation. The greatest munition maker among the dramatists is Shaw, because of his super-tax. If he believes in making fewer munitions he should earn less. If he believes in making none, he should copy Dr. Clifford and even refuse to pay his taxes. When he does that I shall believe in him again.

H. S.



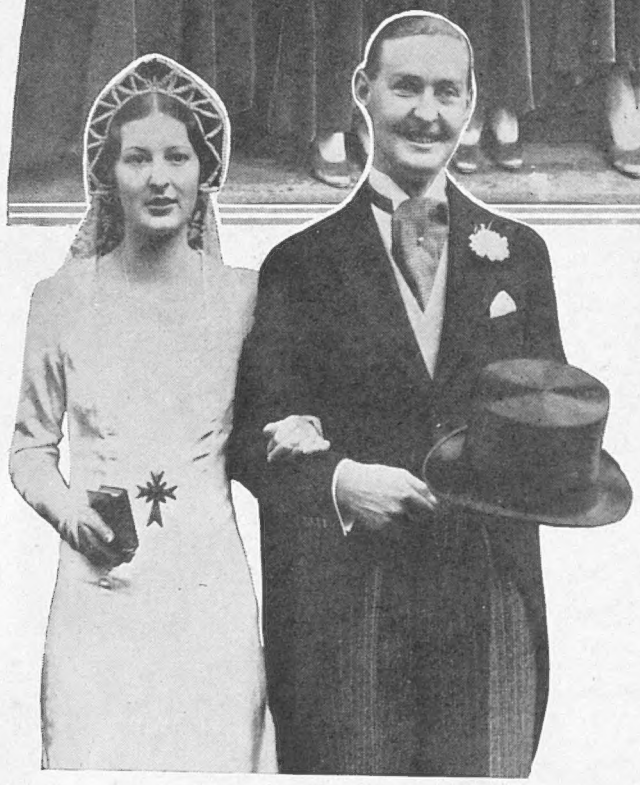
"The Church of England is moving so quickly"

BY D'EGVILLE

MANAGER: "*My dear boy, you can't possibly put that show on again at this theatre—you remember what a fiasco it was last time—and they haven't forgotten it!*"

who when

The bridesmaids who attended Miss Elizabeth Grenfell, eldest daughter of Brigadier-General H. M. Grenfell and the late Lady Muriel Grenfell, at her wedding to Mr. Philip Woodcock. It took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on the Tuesday of last week



MR. PHILIP WOODCOCK AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING THE CHURCH

A Royal Wedding

At about the time Sir Walter Raleigh was introducing to London the enjoyment to be obtained from the smoke of certain burnt vegetable leaves, and Virginia was prouder of being named after a great Queen than of producing the first tobacco, the streets of Norway's capital were gay with the festivity of a royal wedding. James VI of Scotland was leading Princess Anna of Denmark to the altar. Not since that date, three hundred and forty years ago, has there been a royal wedding at Oslo, as it is now called. At the marriage tomorrow (Thursday) of the Crown Prince of Norway and Princess Mathilde of Sweden, Scottish Nationalists may pride themselves on the fact that even if now they have neither King nor Queen to be a husband or consort, they have at least a kinswoman of James VI at this wedding in the Royal personage of the Duchess of York, who has accompanied the Duke for the wedding celebrations.

These celebrations, by the way, began a week before the ceremony, and will continue for three days after, but they have not been at all of a lively nature, because the King and Queen of Norway were not anxious for a lavish or costly display of enter-

THE PRINCE AN

The Prince of Wales once again proved his keen interest in Federation of Boys' Clubs at the Queen's Hall last

& where

MISS CORA RODWELL

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rodwell, of Edith Grove, Chelsea. Her wedding to Mr. Norman Dove will take place on Saturday, June 1

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Hilda, the second daughter of Lord Blackburn and Lady Constance Blackburn, who is engaged to Mr. Archibald Barclay. She is a cousin of the Duchess of York

tainment. The Duke and Duchess of York will be seeing Oslo and Norway for the first time, and so will the Duchess's Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Annaly, who is also their intimate friend and accompanied them on their trip to Africa.

The Queen as Collector

THE exhibition of plate at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane, which has just closed, was a further opportunity for the Queen, who is a keen connoisseur, for indulging her appreciation of *objets d'art*. Previously there had been the loan exhibition of English furniture at Lansdowne House, which Her Majesty visited, remaining there for several hours, and no doubt both exhibitions provided a pleasurable variety from the routine of her obligations. Just as the King's particular hobby is stamp collecting, so the Queen delights in nothing so much as old furniture, plate, glass and pictures. It is one of her particular pleasures to spend an afternoon visiting antique shops, and I believe she has already made one or two purchases of furniture in Bognor.

AMATEUR SPORTS

amateur sports by attending the boxing finals of the London week. He is seen presenting the prizes to the winners

Republican Philosophy

A READER in Cartagena, Colombia, sends me an interesting translation of an article that recently appeared in "Diario de la Costa," in which the writer, referring to the King's illness, seeks to explain England's attachment to His Majesty, that to a republican people might well be something of a mystery. It was called "The Symbol," and here are some extracts:

"To those who, like ourselves, have been born in democratic societies, with equalising tendencies and without clear ideas about the respect due to legitimately constituted authority, it is difficult for us to understand and explain the attitude of the English people toward their Sovereign; above all, when this refers to a Monarch who reigns but does not govern, and who is impeded by the laws and customs from expressing his opinions, or making the force of his will felt.

"Why should King George V be loved so passionately when he has not done, nor can he do, anything exceptional?

"The answer is much more simple than it appears to be, and besides, is overwhelmingly logical. The Head of the State, whether called a King, or whatever you like, is, above everything, a symbol. The multitudes in front of the historic Buckingham Palace that have awaited with anxious hearts the publication of the medical bulletins have known that George Windsor is none other than an honourable man of simple habits and noble heart, but above all they have remembered that not only does he represent them in the present, but he symbolises all the past of their race and its institutions, its illustrious virtues as much as its magnificent faults."

An interpretation that does as much credit to us as to the political philosophy of the Colombian press.

Miss Patricia Hastings, whose wedding to Mr. Anthony Marlowe takes place to-day (Wednesday). She is the second daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Lady Hastings

"THEY'RE OFF!" CHELTENHAM STARTS AGAIN

A general view of the Paddock at Cheltenham, where the large crowd revelled in the return of the warmer weather that meant the end of frostbound courses and the resumption of racing

Tetrazzini's Speech

To those who have chiefly heard Russian singers in the restaurants of Paris and the Riviera, where every wearer of Russian boots is pointed out to you as the personal *attaché* of the ex-Czar, the singing of the Don Cossack choir must have been a delightful surprise. One usually associates their singing with melodies of profoundest gloom, but at the Albert Hall they never permitted what one might call their national joy of depression to predominate. I sat near to Mme. Tetrazzini, who was in a box with her young husband; in front of me was Lord Leigh, who seldom misses a good concert. The last time Tetrazzini was in England, and just before her marriage, I was invited to meet the great singer at a dinner party. After dinner our host rose and made a speech, a panegyric of her past. After he sat down, Tetrazzini looked most embarrassed; she wanted to thank him, but she speaks little English. Suddenly a bright smile came over her face. "I will sing to you instead," she said. And for half an hour we had the beauty of her unaccompanied voice.

Racing Once Again

Last week was a jubilant one for race-goers. For a month they had been deprived of what is for some but a recreation, but for many others a very serious means of livelihood. Then at Cheltenham, and immediately after at the Grand Military, at Sandown Park, they were able to resume old associations so long interrupted by the frost.

A warm spring sun, a friend tells me, set the National Hunt Meeting into its stride, and in the paddock crocuses and snowdrops may have influenced the superstitious to back Easter Hero, a popular winner of the Gold Cup. The second day brought a cold wind, but a paddock more closely filled with hunting and racing

The scene in the unsaddling enclosure when Easter Hero (F. Rees up) returned af
Starting favourite at seven to four against, Easter Hero ran a fine race to

—AND THE LINCOLN HANDICAP IS TO-DAY!

LADY CAROLINE AGAR AND LADY AMY BIDDULPH

personalities. Lord Westmorland and Lord Londesborough, who resemble each other so closely, beautiful Lady Warrender, Lady Wodehouse, Lady Mary and Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord Beauchamp's daughters, were only a few to be seen about the enclosure.

The fact of a spectator catching a runner in the Coventry Cup Steeplechase that had thrown its rider and completing the race, thereby giving its owner the right to claim second money, puzzled many. As a matter of fact, a similar incident happened at Sandown Park last year, but the boy who attempted to take the jockey's place was bolted with, to the crowd's amusement. This outside

BARON DE TUYLL AND LADY BLANCHE SCOTT-DOUGLAS

assistance only applies to steeplechase and hurdle races. Were it to occur on the flat, and some generous spectator jump on a horse that had mislaid its jockey, the horse would be disqualified.

RACING HINTS

The long spell of frosty weather seriously interfered with the training work of Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National horses, and it must not be expected that the candidates will seen at their best.

This is particularly unfortunate in the case of the big Flat Handicap to-day, when there will be one of the best-bred fields at the post that has competed for the race for years.

If SCINTILLATION, the favourite, scores, the bookmakers will be badly hit, because he has been a public favourite since the weights were published.

There are racing enthusiasts who look for breeding pointers. Here are two.

An own brother to a Derby winner and an own brother to a Two Thousand Guineas winner figure in the list. PARWIZ is an own brother to MANNA and YOSEMITE bears a similar relationship to COLORADO.

Ladies have the habit of selecting a peculiar name, and they will be supporting a good horse if they follow the forces who have staked their little bit on UMSLOPAGAAS. He is an each way selection.

The army of American sportsmen who will visit Liverpool for the Grand National will risk thousands on BILLY BARTON, who fell in the race last year when close home.

There is more confidence than ever before in the winner being produced from the first half-dozen fancied horses in the market, and judged on recent performances EASTER HERO is the most popular.

winning the Cheltenham Gold Cup. from Lloydie by twenty lengths

A Musical Evening

COUNTESS AHLEFELDT-LAURVIG, the wife of the Danish Minister, gave the first big musical reception of the

Lady Warrender (left) and Lady Grimthorpe. The figure half concealed is Lord Grimthorpe, the famous banking peer

AN INTERESTING MUSICAL RECEPTION

year at the Danish Legation last week. Nearly every Ambassador and Minister now in London were amongst the guests who had been invited to hear M. Niels Hansen, of the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen, and Prince George Chavchavadze, who has become a really excellent pianist. The Belgian Ambassador and his charming American wife, Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, who has just returned from America and taken up residence in Lord Forres's old house in Belgrave Square, the Turkish Ambassador and Madame Ferid Bey, Lord and Lady Cromer, Lady Bertha Dawkins, and Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks were but a few who crowded the rooms of the Legation in Pont Street. It clashed, as a matter of fact, with the New English Music Society's March concert, as well as one of the first of what will soon be an unending succession of charity balls. A friend who was at the latter concert tells me that, although depleted of some of its usual audience by the Danish reception, there were many who enjoyed a programme as redolent of Spring as the Royal Horticultural Society's show of daffodils. Jan Smeterlin, the Polish pianist, was the soloist of the evening, and I gather he was very enthusiastically applauded, as was also Anthony Bertram's London Chamber Orchestra. Lord and Lady Erleigh were in the audience, later continuing the evening at the charity dance, and so also were Mr. "Eddie" Marsh and Lady (Frederick) Lewis, the wife of the shipping magnate.

Society on the Screen

VERY few people who saw the film "The Three Passions" in its preliminary appearance at the Tivoli Theatre probably recognised the widower of Lily Langtry, or, rather, Lady de Bathe. Yet the tall, distinguished, white-haired man—by those adjectives you will know he was playing the part of a diplomat—who appeared in the dinner scene was none other than Sir Hugo de Bathe, known, I believe, more intimately as "Suggie." He is an elderly man now, but he spent most of the summer hurrying back and forth to Rex Ingram's studio at Nice.

This film also concerns another Englishman, but on the business, not the pictorial, side of the screen. This is Captain Alastair Mackintosh, once Equerry to Princess Beatrice, and an A.D.C. to Lord Willingdon when he was Governor of Bombay. He married last year Miss Lela Emery, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Anson, by her first husband, the late John Emery, an American multi-millionaire mining magnate.

Mrs. Anson married the present Lord Lichfield's uncle just before the War. Her other daughter, it will be remembered, made a somewhat spectacular marriage to the Grand Duke Dmitri, and is now known by the courtesy title of Princess Ilynski.

Lord and Lady Burghley, now en noces, who were among the spectators at the Cambridge University Sports. These were held recently at Fenner's

You Must NOT Miss Next Week's "Bystander" because Miss Stella Benson contributes a remarkable short story entitled "Hope Against Hope"

FORGOTTEN ETIQUETTE!

It used to be the fashion for rival University crews to be—or, at any rate, appear to be—sublimely unaware of each other's existence until after the Boat Race. Judging by the above photograph of R. Beesley, the Cambridge President, chatting with H. C. Morphett, the Oxford President, outside the Dark Blues' Boat House, it would appear that here too "the old order changeth"

"Who's Who in Art"

BIOGRAPHICAL references usually make pleasant light reading, apart from their purpose as informative publications. I have just been browsing through a new edition of "Who's Who in Art," which is intended to supply a comprehensive directory for all those interested or occupied by art. Not only is it about artists, but also about collectors and dealers as well, for on the first page I see a list of some of the treasures in Lord Aberconway's collection, which include works of Titian, Rossetti, Millais and Gainsborough. Sir Joseph Duveen, I find, has French orders as well as English, and is a Commandeur of the Legion d'Honneur. Naturally the less important artists have revealed more facts about themselves than the important ones, but that is justifiable vanity. An addition at the end is interesting. It reproduces the various signatures and monograms of certain artists, thereby assisting recognition of their work. Altogether an excellent reference book and one which should not be missed.

BY ALFRED LEETE

ROMANCE in REGENT STREET

BERKELEY SQUARE and ABOARD SHIP

By VERNON WOODHOUSE *Sketches of "Berkeley Square" by H. H. HARRIS*

BERKELEY SQUARE is a very desirable neighbourhood—as the auctioneers say—and *Berkeley Square* is a very desirable play. I am glad I did not see it when first produced at the St. Martin's, because my enjoyment would have been spoilt by trying to remember in what respect the first version differed from the revival—as I understand it does.

I AM glad, also, that I have never read the novel by Henry James, on which, I believe, this play was founded by John L. Balderston in collaboration with J. C. Squire. Frankly, Henry James is too much for me, just as the stage was too much for Henry James. His only important play was *Guy Domville*, and he knew so little about the technique of the theatre that one of his stage directions was: *Enter Mrs. So-and-so, having drunk a cup of tea!*

BUT do the dramatists owe much to the famous novelist? I very much doubt it, for the main idea is an old one. The theme of a man with all his knowledge of the modern world finding himself in an earlier period was used by Mark Twain in a novel, and by "Charles Marlowe" in a farce called *When Knights Were Bold*.

BUT *Berkeley Square* isn't a farce, and is not in the least like *When Knights Were Bold*. It is a very beautiful play in which comedy and sentiment are most happily blended, for there is no slap-stick in the humour and no sugar in the sentiment. It is written by two men who not only fully appreciate the value of stagecraft and characterisation, but also the beauty of our language.

IF you want to see a play out of the ordinary; a play which will make you smile one moment and bring a lump into your throat the next; a play which will appeal to the intelligence as well as the emotions—a somewhat rare combination—you will find an evening at the Lyric extraordinarily well spent.

AND the acting does justice, in most cases, to the play. Young Leslie Howard, an English actor who has made a name for himself in America, made even *Her Cardboard Lover* endurable by clever acting. At the Lyric he proves himself not only a good actor once again, but an artist to his finger-tips.

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON has a part after her own heart, and plays it with both heart and head. Another of the younger school, Valerie Taylor, is also admirably within the period, while Marie Löhr in the small part of the Duchess of Devonshire proves that acting nowadays is not only to be found among the *ingénues*. Even if this play fails to attract—and it should assuredly draw the Town—both authors and cast can console themselves with the hackneyed lines from "Cato":

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

"The Mayor" at the Royalty Theatre

THE Phillpotts, *père et fille*, whether they be writing alone or in collaboration, appear to have an eye for characters of pronounced type. I think I should appreciate their portraiture more if I had ever encountered any of the originals.

IT has been either my fortune or misfortune when visiting Devonshire never to meet such folk as are depicted in *The Farmer's Wife* or *Yellow Sands*, still less those portrayed in *My Lady's Mill*; and although I know the south coast fairly well, which Adelaide Phillpotts has used for the background of her new play, *The Mayor*, at the Royalty Theatre, I am still in complete ignorance of the types she portrays. What is more, I hope to remain in ignorance, for I do not suffer bores gladly—on the stage or off.

EVEN so clever a dramatist as Sir Arthur Pinero only succeeded by the skin of his teeth in making a monumental bore—Sir Fletcher Portwood in *The Benefit of the Doubt*—amusing to those off the stage. But he was the only bore in the play. Adelaide Phillpotts provides them with a more lavish and less practised hand; hence her failure to cause amusement.

MAINLY composed of a cast of Birmingham Repertory Players, a newcomer to London, William Heilbronn, did wonders by giving a certain amount of actuality to the title part, while Cicely Oates and Isabel Thornton worked hard to some effect; but not even a Birmingham company, whose acting is generally of a high standard of merit, could conceal the fact that the play was—Brummagem!

PLAYS WORTH SEEING

SOMEWHAT SERIOUS.

Journey's End at the Savoy. All about war—horrid war. A very fine and gripping play.

The Lady with a Lamp at the Garrick. A kiss for Florence Nightingale. History cleverly dramatised.

Many Waters at the Ambassadors. Humour and sentiment beautifully blended. Snapshots in the suburbs.

Fame at the St. James's Theatre. Sir Gerald du Maurier sees it through!

FAR FROM SERIOUS.

Plunder at the Aldwych. Just a farce, but really funny.

By Candle Light at the Comedy. The wittiest play in London.

WITH MUSIC.

Funny Face at the Winter Garden. Leslie Henson in the title-rôle. One long, loud laugh.

Mr. Cinders at the Adelphi. Bobby Howes. How's Bobby? Inimitable!

Virginia at the Palace. Song and spectacle don't overwhelm the fun.

"The Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith

ONE of the worst features of present-day audiences is hysteria, and this unpleasant complaint appears to be becoming more and more prevalent. The goddesses in the gallery seem to suffer most from it, especially when they welcome some actress with more popularity than talent.

VERY often, too, on first nights at musical comedies the phrase, a packed house, bears a double meaning, for friends in front with fat hands do their best with indiscriminate applause to annoy more balanced sections of the audience, who find difficulty in discovering what calls for enthusiasm.

GENERALLY speaking, this sort of thing is prevalent at the more "popular" first nights, and it was something of a shock to discover that the highbrows of Hammersmith are also falling into evil ways. On the

umpteenth revival of *The Beggar's Opera* at the Lyric Theatre hysteria held complete sway.

No one can object to old favourites being "given a hand" on their first appearance. This applause is hallowed by custom, and may possibly encourage the artist to "do his damnedest," but, that greeting being over and done with, no audience should—in a musical play—upset the whole balance by demanding encore after encore.

One of the secrets of theatrical success is to make an audience leave the theatre with a wish to see the show again, and every management should realise this. *The Beggar's Opera* is a delightful entertainment, and the latest revival would have had a still more delightful return had the granting of perpetual repetitions been sternly suppressed at the start. I hope that future performances will not be thus marred, and give Frederick Ranalow and company a chance of playing the opera as planned.

THE FIVE MARYS

These being Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Seaton, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone, all of whom figure in the cast of Fred Terry's successful production of "The Borderer" at the Strand Theatre. Phyllis Neilson-Terry as the Queen is seated centre

"The Berg" at His Majesty's

His Majesty's can seldom have housed a less spectacular production than *The Berg*, by Ernest Raymond, which was recently produced at the Q Theatre. The action takes place throughout in the Smoke Room of a liner, and the usual bustling life on board ship is so conspicuous by its absence that one might well imagine that one was in a quiet country hotel rather than on an Atlantic "greyhound." Doubtless necessary, however, for a dramatist who wishes to give his characters a chance to talk.

The play is based on the *Titanic* disaster, and when, at the end of the First Act, the liner strikes a submerged berg to such bad effect that she can keep afloat for only three hours, we see the mental reactions of the characters to the prospect of a sudden end in an icy sea.

Even if *The Berg* is not exactly the sort of play to see when one is recovering from 'flu or on the day when the final Income Tax demand comes to hand, it is a play of dignity which is to be preferred to the "stout fellahs" type which was recently housed at this theatre, and Godfrey Tearle, George Relph, H. St. Barbe West, Marion Fawcett, Hilda Bruce-Potter, among others, see to it that the play is acted as well as written with sincerity.

SCENES of ACTIVITY

LIVING UP TO THEIR NAME

Girls of the Ministry of Health Rowing Club who keep fit by strenuous rowing. They are seen outside their boathouse at Barnes

COMING TO GRIPS

A Welsh player finds touch when tackled in the International against Ireland. Played at Belfast, it resulted in a draw of five points all

HER PLACE IN THE SUN

A holiday-maker at Torquay who finds the recent glorious weather very much to her liking. She got all the warmth and sunshine she needs in England without going to the Riviera

The growing importance of Women's International Hockey is exemplified by the picture of the pipers playin with England. The game, which took place at Merton Abbey, resulted in a u

In SPORT—and ONE of SPAIN

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH

The above photograph was taken at the opening of the bull-fighting season in Madrid, when two men were killed. Baturrico, a famous matador, is seen being badly gored and terribly injured by a large white bull

Scottish team on to the field before their match England by 4 goals to 1

Lieut.-General Sir David Campbell, who is also seen above taking a jump in fine style on Exchange II whilst riding in the Aldershot Command Charger's Cup race at the Aldershot Steeplechases, is a famous sportsman. Sir David won the Grand National on The Soarer thirty-three years ago

THE NEW BOOK SOCIETY

PARTICULARS of the new Book Society, which costs nothing to join and will provide a boon to book-lovers. Very shortly THE BYSTANDER *will commence its participation in the scheme to select each month an outstanding work of merit.*

By RALPH STRAUS

(*"The Bystander" Literary Critic*).

THERE are new excitements in store for all those who care for good books. In a little while an organisation called the Book Society will have made itself known to the public, and if, as I hope, it meets with the success it deserves, much may happen. New or neglected writers of real worth will be given the chance that is so often denied them to-day; new books of special merit will become a regular part of the day's news; and we may even become a book-buying nation.

❋

ALREADY this society is known to the trade, and as anything that is new and revolutionary always gives rise to some sort of a rumpus, so already there have been high words and petty skirmishes and at least one pitched battle which, at the moment of writing, is still raging. I personally have been bombarded with the most contradictory statements and opinions ever since Hugh Walpole told me, months ago, that he had accepted the Chairmanship of the Society's "Selection Committee." I remain its enthusiastic supporter.

❋

NATURALLY you ask what this new society proposes to do, and how it will justify its existence. Well, at the moment all is not well with the book market. A few "best-sellers" may make fortunes for their authors and publishers, but when it comes to the general run of books, even the general run of good books, there is a very different story to tell. The booksellers declare that they are the most ill-used folk in the world: nobody will buy their wares. Their customers complain that, as often as not, the book they require "is not in stock," and nothing, I admit, is more irritating than to be told that the book you want *now* "can be procured in twenty-four hours." The publishers, I gather, are near to starvation. They, according to their own account, are bullied by literary agents, ill-treated by the lending libraries, ignored by the booksellers, and robbed by the lords of the advertising world. The critics gaze sadly at the piles of unnecessary books which they are invited to "notice," and wonder why so few authors are murdered. As for the authors themselves—but everybody knows what impossible people *they* are. As a publisher said to me the other day, if it weren't for authors his business would be really worth carrying on.

❋

ALL of which means, of course, that far too many books are published and far too few bought. Surely, however, something can be done to help things along? As a matter of fact, many suggestions have been made. Experiments with changed prices have been tried. "Book Weeks" have been inaugurated. To a certain extent new books have been allowed to become news. And then, some three years ago, there sprang into existence the National Book Council, which not only did, and does, much to bring authors, publishers, and booksellers into personal touch with one another, but has issued some most useful lists of the best available books in the various branches of literature.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE

The famous novelist and Chairman of the Book Society

❋

ONLY organised publicity has been lacking, and here the Book Society steps in with a scheme which, though it has proved successful in Germany and the United States, is new to this country. More than once in these columns I have mentioned the American Book-of-the-Month Club, and pointed out some of its beneficent effects. Twelve times a year the committee of this club, which now has more than eighty thousand members, selects the book, not necessarily, though generally, a novel, which seems to them to be the best of the new works offered for consideration. As a result this particular book enjoys enormous publicity and enormous sales, far larger—and this is important to booksellers—than the thousands of copies for which the club itself is directly responsible. Nobody, moreover, suffers the least injustice.

❋

AND this, more or less, is what the Book Society proposes to do in this country. It asks its members to pay no entrance fee and no subscription. It merely wants the names of those who would like to buy one really good book a month, without any trouble to themselves. It will see that the chosen book arrives on the morning of publication, and in case this book does not happen to be to the taste of the buyer, four or five other books will be recommended at the same time, any one of which may be ordered in its place.

❋

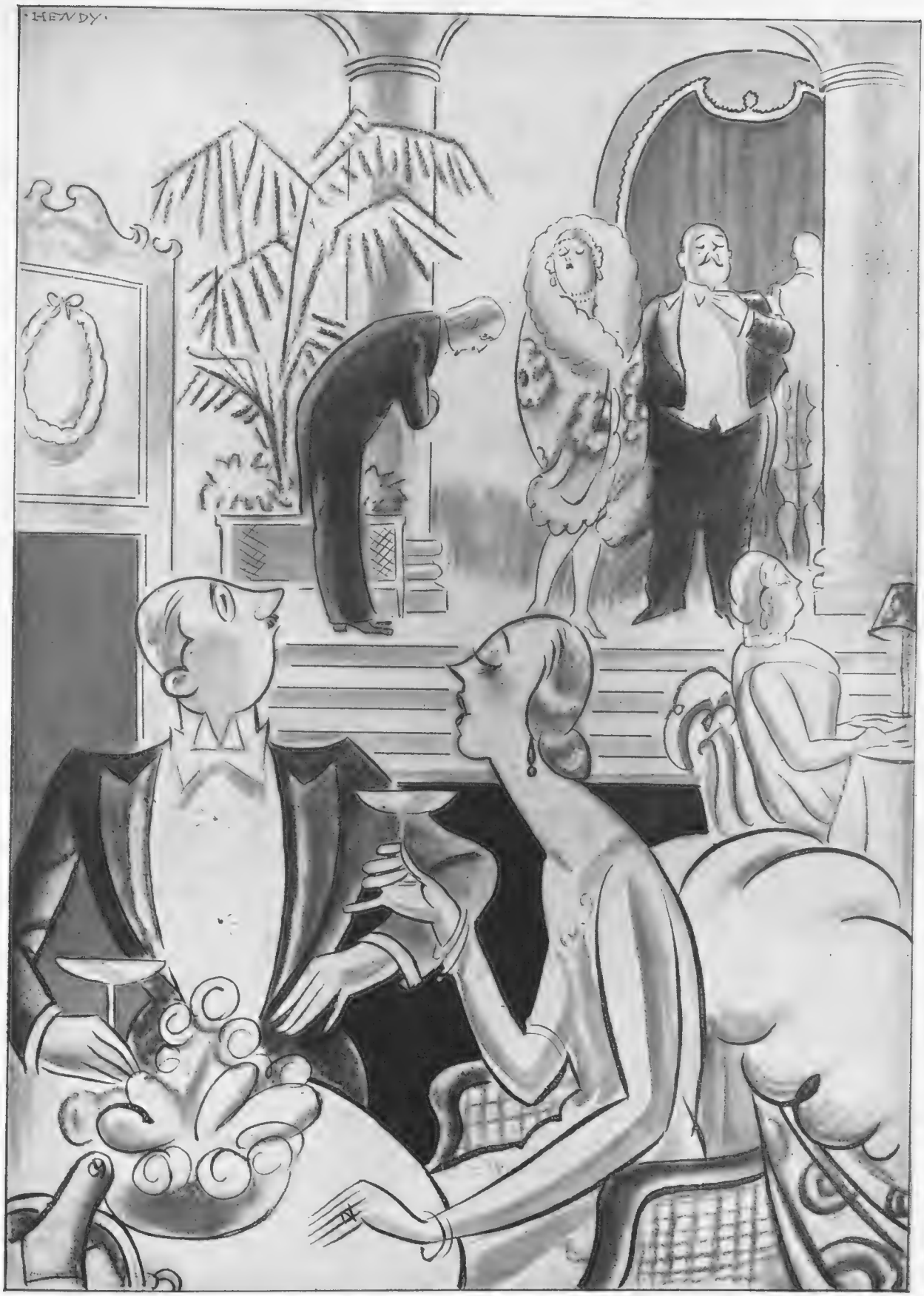
ALREADY the Selection Committee has been appointed, and it must certainly command respect. Mr. Walpole, the Chairman, may be trusted to give new writers a warm welcome, and with him are two ladies, Sylvia Lynd and Clemence Dane, and two excellent critics, J. B. Priestley and the new President of Magdalen College.

❋

OBJECTIONS, of course, have been and will continue to be made. Most unfortunately the National Book Council has not yet found itself able to give a welcome to the new scheme, though I fancy that there may be a change of opinion later on. It is said, too, very stupidly, that we, unlike the Americans, will allow no committee to choose our books for us. But in point of actual fact a committee of some sort or other chooses almost every book that we read. A conversation at the dinner table, a couple of enthusiastic or provocative reviews, something in an advertisement—how else do we choose our reading? It is said, too, that the booksellers will suffer, but surely they stand to gain, as they have stood to gain in America? A book that has the good fortune to be given the first place by the Book Society will certainly be bought in hundreds outside the Society, merely on account of the publicity it will have been accorded. As for authors and publishers, they must be impressed by a proposal which may mean so much to them, and can in no way damage their interests.

❋

WELL, we shall see. I do not know exactly when the Book Society proposes to begin operations, but I strongly recommend all those who want to accumulate a small library of really good books to communicate with the Society at once. The address is 38, Grosvenor Place, London, and a postcard asking for particulars will bring an explanatory pamphlet by return of post.



BY HENDY

"I'm afraid the Countess is a lilac woman"
"What do you mean—lilac woman?"
"Well, ask her where her title came from and she'll li-lac anything"

if Gossip

Dorothy Dickson, the leading lady in "Charivaria." This revue is due at a West End theatre in the near future

J. B. Booth, of the old "Pink 'Un" fame, has just got another of his cheery pink-bound books about old London off the stocks. The stocks are, appropriately enough, in a marine locality—to wit, Ramsgate, where he spends much of his time in the Royal Temple Yacht Club, the haunt of "Teddy" Michael, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and the late Mostyn Pigott. The latest Booth book is entitled "London Town," and is a worthy successor to "Old Pink 'Un Days" and "'Master' and Men," both of them reminiscent of a robuster London, though of a thicker-in-the-neck, redder-faced, Romano's bar, "Pitcher" and Phil May London. I have been reading it with joy and no little envy.

My envy arose from the fact that that London, which I happen to remember (*Eheu Fugaces!* And to think that one of our most respected dramatic critics gaily started off a sentence the other day with "Of course Tree and George Alexander were long before my time . . ."), was also a freer London. As the author so rightly says:

"To modern youth Victorianism suggests a prim and proper age of strait-laced morality and stodgy repletion, tinged with gloom. The younger generation does not as yet realise that in that despised age there existed a wilder Bohemianism, and that restrictions which are accepted to-day as matters of course were not only non-existent, but would not have been tolerated for one moment by the maligned Victorians. . . . The present generation is apparently inured to the ridiculous spectacle of a posse of police solemnly tramping into a respectable supper club at midnight . . . has been tamed into subjection, and is content to submit to the fact that it is an offence to buy table-salt after 8 p.m., and that there are legal mysteries, with penalties attached, connected with the sale of half-cooked tripe."

I'm afraid the cover of Mr. Booth's book is too pink for "Jix" to read it. Besides, the Home Secretary may be past the age when one can read oneself into wisdom.

S

I have just been lunching, on the sunniest of spring days, in the guests' dining-room of the Carlton Club. This is, of course, in the annexe, to which ladies are also admitted, and a mighty pleasant place is this long white-and-gold room, far more cheery than the members' dining-room, to which no non-member has ever been admitted, for the Carlton, in itself, remains one of the few inhospitable clubs.

The talk fell, not unnaturally, on the amazing masquerading case, and the feat of "Col. Barker." I was reminded that the room in which we were seated was the drawing-room of the mansion which was the town house of Lord Dudley, from whom the club purchased it at an enormous figure.

S

The immediate connection may not be obvious, but it is that Lord Dudley, now the husband of the famous Gertie Millar, once successfully performed a similar feat or, of course, the converse of it. It was done purely as a "rag." In his Eton days he was travelling in France with some friends, and, reaching Tours, where a fair was in progress, he dressed up as a girl and

ANOTHER HOUR'S HOLD-U

visited it. Being a good-looking youth, remarkably like his mother, the beautiful Georgina Lady Dudley, who died the other day, he managed to pull the leg of numerous ardent Frenchmen, who, when the whole thing was discovered to be a joke, kicked up the very deuce of a row, called in the police, and Heaven knows what else. All was eventually settled amicably, though not without considerable trouble and expense.

"Look, Lizzie ther

we must

Stanwood

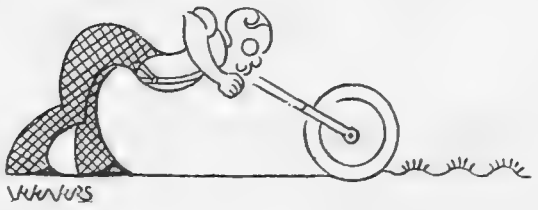
ON THE UNDERGROUND

MISS EDITH SITWELL has been using her very truculent and very logical pen against parties. I met her at one a few days ago. But it was not a "freak" party (at any rate, not very obviously), and it is "freak" parties, late and highly expensive, that she abominates. Dressed in mediæval fashion, with strange, antique jewellery, Edith Sitwell can be a very charming person indeed, and is not always in a formidable mood. We talked of the 'flu, which we had both been fighting. "How strange it is," she said, "that one always catches the 'flu from boring, silly, and obvious people! Don't you find that really nice people never pass on their complaints to you?"

I fear I have a set of highly infectious acquaintances.

LANCE THOMPSON

"blokes 'ave got a bite!"



VENUS

THE new Marquess of Zetland, better known as Lord Ronaldshay, was known in his Cambridge days as "Donkeyshay." Needless to say, this had no reference to mental capabilities, nor was it in any sense a hint that he was lacking in this respect. It just came trippingly to the tongue, and stuck to him. That was when he was out regularly during the season with the Trinity Foot Beagles, of which the brothers Walker, sons of the well-known K.C., were masters in succession. Years later the Walkers, Nigel and Kenneth, ran the Aldenham Harriers, which were in trouble the other day through trespass.

"Donkeyshay" did remarkably well in India, and he and his venerable father formed one of the few instances of father and son being simultaneously members of the Jockey Club.

THE Hickses, Joynson and Seymour, are not related. This strange legend seems to have arisen because

Franklyn Graham and Barbara, the exhibition dancers who will shortly be seen again at the Empress Rooms, Kensington. They recently completed a successful Continental engagement

if_ _gossip_ _we_ _must_ _

Lord Beaverbrook photographed with Lady Weymouth and Lady Lettice Lygon on his visit to Bermuda. Has he, perchance, found time to evolve some Napoleonic scheme to sell the West Indies to Mr. Hoover and thus cancel our debt to America?

the Home Secretary went to Seymour Hicks's first night at the Lyceum, where he was unmoved, except to laughter, by all sorts of happenings in *Mr. What's-His-Name,* in the second act of which is a bed. After the fall of the curtain "Jix" did not visit his namesake nor go round to the stage-doora. Had he done so he would doubtless have been impressed by the Victorian respectability of Dame Madge Kendal.

S

YOUNG Eugene Goossens has not been too busy conducting in America to complete his opera, *Judith,* nor do the number of people who have explained on paper that they have actually watched him at work on the score appear to have baulked him. *Judith* is in one act, and we are to see it at Covent Garden this year with, I hope, Jeritza in the title-rôle.

Goossens, by the way, is not the only British conductor popular in the States. Most musical householders possess gramophone records of Bach, arranged and conducted by the great Stokowski, who is in charge of one of the largest symphony orchestras in the world. I used to know the great Stokowski in London a few years ago. He was a most promising youth. And his name was Fred Stokes.

S

POOR Elsie Janis is having an unlucky time of it just now, and as I write she is very seriously ill. She adores Paris and the French—whenever she could manage it in a revue she donned *horizon bleu* uniform—and when her reception at the Moulin Rouge recently was—well, hardly enthusiastic, she was heartbroken. Added to this, Mrs. Janis, to whom she is devoted, was ill all the time Elsie was in London for *Clowns in Clover,* which probably accounts for the fact that her daughter was not up to usual form in that show. The affection between mother and daughter, which is a sort of stock joke in the profession, is very solid and genuine.

Someone once quoted to Elsie the well-known lines "If I was hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' Mine." "My mother," said Elsie, "would never allow me to get up on the highest hill to be hung. She'd push the hill out from under the hangman, and when he came to she'd be there with the proofs that she and not I committed the murder!"

The great prima donna, Tetrazzini, on a visit to London with her husband, Signor Pietro Vernati. It is reported that Tetrazzini has had her hair shingled to conform to the artistic wishes of the Signor

"What's the plural of spouse, dear?"
"Spice, darling!"

S

GONE are the days when a friend of mine (O man of Belial! O faithless and corrupt generation!) could derive unholy joy from listening to a Bishop sermonizing over the wireless and punctuating the episcopal remarks with foul and unprintable ones of his own. We accept wireless sermons, services and the rest of it as natural to Sunday as roast beef for lunch and "an exposition to sleep" in the afternoon. But the trouble

"Do you consider my legs long?"
"Not when you are looking"

now is that the good folk of the B.B.C. are so unconscionably set on well-doing. On a recent Sabbath, for instance, 2LO offered an Old Testament reading at 5.30, the doings of the Evangelical Free Church Council at 5.40, a Bach sacred cantata at 5.45, and the bells of St. Martin's Church, followed by a service, at 7.55. Much the same type of programme was coming from Daventry.

Now this is, in every sense, too much of a good thing. Let us grant that there are many, possibly a majority of, genuinely religious folk. But should they *exclusively* be catered for? Cannot the Sunday programmes have a little more of the secular touch about them?

As it is, the wicked man, instead of turning away from his wickedness, turneth on the gramophone.

Christopher Katt! This is not a bedtime story for the little ones, but the name of an honest publican who kept an inn out Barnes way some hundred and fifty years ago. And to this road-house, pub, or tavern, sunk as it was then in the heart of the country, the Bright Young People of the earlier George's reign used to go to hold their not particularly Home-Secretarial parties. And Kit, whose inn afterwards became the Ranelagh Club, which many living can remember as being almost in the depths of the country, was the forerunner of the Kit-Cat Club, now Restaurant—which never has been in the depths of the country.

Dining there late the other night after drinking cocktails at Princess Mander's house, every other table seemed to have someone of interest at it. But the person who was definitely the most sought-after was Miss Cynthia Hume. All the evening people were making visits to her table on the balcony, where she was sitting with Mrs. Jack Taylor, and holding conversation with her. At last I was so intrigued that I went and presented myself, determined to clear up the mystery. It was quite a simple one: her friends had been asking her about the cut-sandwich-cum-cocktail bar, to be known as Sliggs, which she is opening in Albemarle Street on April 4.

It sounds most amusing, and the list of members, containing as it did such names as the Duke of Manchester, Mrs. Henry Duveen, Harry Preston, Mrs. Locker-Lampson, Mrs. Churchill, whose husband is the big noise on the League of Nations, the Hon. Evan Morgan and his wife, Lois Sturt that was, gives one every confidence that the Club should be as amusing as its name, for which there seems to be no good reason. I can only hope that eligibility will not be so erratic or so inconsistent as that for another club of the same ilk that was started about a year ago.

Nora Swinburne (left) as Sonia, Cathleen Nesbitt as Lady Myrtle Frampton, Nigel Bruce as Lord Edward Hulton and Sir Gerald du Maurier as the musician, Paolo Gheradi, in a scene from "Fame." Written by Audry and Wayenev Carten, this play is running at the St. James's Theatre

A REMARKABLE TALKING FILM: "NOAH'S

A modern sequel to Noah's Ark, as enacted in a Pullman Car on the Continent in 1914. This is the opening scene in the Warner Brothers' Vitaphone production, which includes as many as 7,500 supers

Dolores Costello as she appears as Miriam in the Biblical scenes in "Noah's Ark"

Noah, assisted by two of his sons, supervises the building of the Ark. One of the most realistic scenes in this remarkable film which cost two million dollars to make

ARK" AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE

The Festival of Jaghut in progress in the ancient city of Rephaim before it was destroyed in the Flood. One of the idols is seen in the left background

Mary, the actress and the modern counterpart of Miriam, also played by Dolores Costello

A modern counterpart to the ancient dungeons. Wounded lying in a dressing station in a cellar behind the front line in 1918 during one of the modern incidents in the film

FILM NOTES

MUSKETEERS and MOUNTAINEERS

By AUBERON

Barbara Austen, who has returned to this country from America, which she has toured three times as prima donna of the National Opera Company. She is starring in a series of talking films of famous operas

FILMS seem to be more than ever the rage lately, due, no doubt, to an increase in really first-rate productions. No matter what cinema theatre one passes round about eleven o'clock at night streams of humanity can be seen flocking out of the building like so many sheep.

❋

TWO notable releases this last week have been "Eternal Love" at the Tivoli, featuring the ever-popular John Barrymore and his new leading lady, beautiful Camilla Horn, and the long-awaited Douglas Fairbanks's picture, "The Iron Mask," which was produced at the New Gallery.

❋

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is not so universally popular as Ronald Colman or John Gilbert, but he has his own particular public, and a staunch one at that. Many people criticise him on the grounds that he cannot act, and are inclined to sneer at his amazing acrobatic feats, yet how much more difficult are these scorned agilities than the most passionate love-making put across by famous *matinée* idols.

❋

THE average man and all schoolboys belong to his band of followers. One glimpse of "Doug" doing deeds of daring with flashing smile and inhuman ease, and they are quite lost to the world for the time being, however dull and depressing it may be for them at the moment.

❋

"THE IRON MASK" provides their hero with plenty of scope, for as d'Artagnan, slightly older than before, but just as vigorous, he is in his element, slaying fellow men galore, and extricating himself out of impossible situations.

❋

THIS film will appeal to those who find Mr. Fairbanks irresistible, and who wish to live in the land of make-believe for a while.

Lillian Harvey, the English film star, was marooned in Germany during the war and was there throughout hostilities. Stopping on afterwards, she became famous in that country by playing the leading part in the "Crazy Mazy" series, and returned to England to make her debut on the English screen in "A Knight in London," in the Blattner Picture Corporation

"ETERNAL LOVE" is not such good fun, though ably directed by Ernest Lubitsch. With a background of Swiss mountains, we are shown John Barrymore in an exceedingly unsympathetic *rôle*, inebriated half the while, and breaking the heart of the girl who loves him with his wild and immoral ways.

❋

THIS state of affairs will not please his many admirers, for though Don Juan (one of his most famous parts) was a gentleman at whom the nice-minded drew the line, at least he had an attraction that few could resist. Coupled with this was the fact of his upbringing, for it had been instilled into him from early childhood that all women were false, and were to be treated shamefully in consequence.

❋

BUT we can find no such excuse for Marcus Paltram's conduct in "Eternal Love." How the exquisite Ciglia, excellently played by Camilla Horn, could have loved this unshaven, unspeakable mountaineer passes one's comprehension.

❋

NOT only is she so fond of him that she can forgive his infidelity to her, but she walks to her death in an avalanche with him, radiantly happy because his arms are round her, and they can die together, never to be parted again.

❋

WOMEN are strange beings certainly, especially where their hearts are concerned; but such blind adoration needs a good deal of swallowing, anyway, by the hard-hearted members of either sex living in this year of grace.

❋

STILL, in spite of the thinness in the story, this picture is worth seeing, if only for the scenic effects.

BY VERNON WARD

MI-CARÊME

A view of Lake Como from Villa d'Este

TEMPTING US ABROAD

STILL, it seems, we have them with us, these strange folk who, able to afford it, are not at all tempted to go abroad.

I am prepared to admit that returned travellers do much to detract from the stay-at-homes' travelling ambitions, both by the ardent publicity they seek for their returned selves and their experiences, and by their impressionistic ecstasies of description. . . .

"MY dear . . . Dinard . . . *most* wonderful. . . . We had really a too, too marvellous time . . ." And they go on to describe scenes that fail to appeal in the least, either because they sound too entirely uncomfortable, or an exact replica of Society life in London.

BUT why listen to these boring ones when there is a book filled with the vivid, enticing descriptions of E. P. Leigh Bennett, well known to BYSTANDER readers, illustrated by Leonard Richmond, R.O.I., R.B.A., with vivid pictures of the most enticing places?

A DELICIOUS book; no guide book this, nor advertisement; no ordinary travel book; but a most "individual" and unconventional "temptation to travel," dealing with just those items that you personally have always considered more important than the usual information that is given you.

AND it is published by the "Southern Railway of England." Surely not the "Southern" of fog-services and "rush hours" and Monday morning gloom at London Bridge? But another Southern Railway—one worthy of the name, that can transport you so easily and so comfortably to the most delightful corners of Europe. Normandy, Brittany, Belgium, Italy, Germany, the Dolomites, the Riviera—all these magic names could soon become as familiar to you in reality as is London Bridge to-day.

THE Villa d'Este, for instance. What visions of changing colours on the hills basking beneath the blue Italian sky the name conjures up. The ripples on the calm surface of Lake Como which, stirred by some wandering breeze, wink and sparkle in the sunlight. The little houses, painted not in the drab colours of the great cities, but in pinks and browns and chocolate—colours that make them thoroughly in keeping with their surroundings. Who, thinking of such things, can lay hand on heart and swear that the finest cities in the world can bring such joy as is to be found in havens of peace and

A delightful corner of old Florence

beauty such as await the traveller who makes his way to such lakes as Como or Garda, Maggiore or Lecco.

AGAIN, who has ever read of the beauty of old Florence, her pictures, her sculptures, her architecture, without longing to tread her streets, to dally on that bridge over the Arno where Dante met his Beatrice, and in her cool galleries and museums feel a little of that ageless love of beauty which has made her the treasure house she is? Yet how many of us have been there? And how many of us *would* have been there if only we had realised sooner how easy is the journey and how comfortable.

THE book is attractively bound, still more attractively printed, and superlatively illustrated in colour. The illustrations by Mr. Leonard Richmond reproduced on these pages are two of the many from the book in question, "Come Abroad With Us," published at 2s. net. The authors say in the short introduction that they merely seek to whet your appetite for holidays abroad by telling you how theirs was from time to time appeased.

IF this book fails to whet, or even to create, your appetite you must, indeed, be a jaundiced sedentary, who will not let the Southern Railway show you what the real Southern Railway can do when given a chance. A. S.

SPILLS and THRI

A typical scene at one of the jumps during the running of the Grand National, where riders and riderless horses struggle for posit
a short-priced favourite. In which respect it is whispered in certain quarters

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

HILLS at AINTREE

position. *The National is always so uncertain a race that many people like to have a long shot on an outsider rather than back*
arters *that the veteran Merrivale II may well prove worth backing each way*

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL

Spain, the country of sun and flowers, offers scenes brilliant with light, such as this procession pouring its from Barcelona. Majestic, this religious celebration, yet exhales a gay and glittering atmosphere. While the volutes rise to the skies. The priests break into solemn hymns and the multitude with

EXHIBITION OF BARCELONA, 1929

BY JUNYENT

resplendent stream of colours down the steps of the Cathedral of Gerona, the historical town 100 kilometres procession comes down the steps, the bells boom their bronze notes, incense perfumes the air, and the grey mystic fervour echoes: Hosanna, Glory be to He Who comes in the name of the Lord!

Agents: The Spanish Travel Bureau, 173 Piccadilly, London, W.1

BY DE ROBEC

A SPRING FASHION PLATE ROMANCE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WHITE POMERANIAN

by

Dorothy Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY
STEPHEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

SI RAHAL EL GOUNDAFI, Kaïd of the Aït n'Tebairt, stretched out his hands while a negro servant poured rose-water over them from a beaten brass ewer. The rite accomplished, he dried them on a white linen napkin. They were fine and long and wax-coloured, and their delicate and unused look bespoke his lazy Arab ancestry. But on his mother's side he was a Chleuh, of a lion-like Berber race of the Atlas. This showed in his fair skin, his gaiety, his energy, his *savoir-faire,* and his cruelty.

Eleanor Hume, his guest, continued to dry her own soft, white little hands, hands almost coarse in their suggestion of ruthless capability, then looked up so quickly that she all but caught the expression in his eyes as he watched her. It was a trick she had with Arabs—but Si Rahal was quicker still. When he raised his glance from the box of cigarettes he was holding she was looking at the house with the shuttered windows. . . .

"I had been thinking about what you were telling me," she declared, choosing a cigarette carefully. "You know, I never allow myself to be put off by rumours. If I did, I shouldn't have come on a journey of this sort, and it is not my first. The French authorities told me, before I started from Marrakech, that there was no danger at the moment. Surely, if there had been, they wouldn't have let me go?"

"EVEN the authorities are not all-knowing. How could they tell that two days from then there would be a *ciba* between two tribes? Not dissidents—merely a revolt against *Nôtre Seigneur* the Sultan. However, anyone who goes through that territory runs the risk of being killed in mistake for somebody else—which, permit me to observe, is as disagreeable a way of being killed as any other! Added to the unutterable misfortune of an accident to you would be my complete disgrace for allowing you to leave the safety of the Kasbah. So, for both our sakes——"

He smiled very charmingly, and extended his hands in an almost pleading gesture. One of them brushed against her own, which lay on the table. She did not remove it, nor did the slightest self-consciousness come into her blue eyes, in which a certain devil gleamed. But it flashed through her mind as a conceivable thought that this *grand seigneur* of the Atlas might just possibly wish to detain her in the Kasbah n'Tebairt, if it could be done tactfully. There was nothing particular in his past career to inspire a blind confidence in his morality.

Son of the Great Pasha, he had been twice a traitor to the French, and twice pardoned. But twice a traitor, why not three times? . . . . she knew that the sum total of the words "joy," "pleasure," and "happiness," to the Arab is contained in the one word "woman." This is why, most wisely, they shut up all women to avoid general pandemonium. But even when they think of the next world they people it with houris, whereas our own slightly misanthropic religion is relieved to think that there will be no marrying or giving in marriage.

She took him in candidly for a moment's space. His face was undeniably fine and comely, not with the beauty of a Moorish Galahad, like that of the young Sultan whom she had just seen enter Rabat on his milk-white horse, but with a beauty in which the Berber fire and the Arab pride each played its part. Si Rahal wore a burnous of the finest white linen, and on his shapely bare feet were *belhras,* citron-coloured native slippers. There was no attempt at aping the European. Yet his beautiful hands were manicured, his cigarettes, wine, and everything that was his were of the finest. She knew that he was one of those whom the French call "lords of the Atlas," a prince of the Cherifian Empire—and, incidentally, a millionaire.

MISS DOROTHY BUCK

Is one of our coming authors whose work attracted much attention last year. Chapman and Hall are publishing a new novel from her pen shortly. She is married to a Staff Officer in the French Army and lives on the edge of the Sahara. Hence her knowledge of Arabs and their ways is first hand. Miss Buck is writing other stories for "The Bystander"

He saw a slim woman, not more beautifully made than half a dozen women of his household. Corn-coloured hair; but that was no novelty among the light-skinned Chleuhs of the mountains. White-skinned, but less so than one of his handmaids, whose skin was white and honey-coloured, like the heart of an orange-flower bud. But this woman had blue eyes, challenging and unsubmissive. It was dangerous to challenge a man of Si Rahal's type. He did not know that the modern woman's attitude towards love is a little like that of the naughty boy who rings a front-door bell and runs away.

"I shall go!" she declared suddenly. "Or"—seeing his frown—"I must have a better reason for not going. Yes—or a more conclusive proof that there's any danger. Otherwise——"

She left the threat unfinished. He sighed regretfully, and shrugged his graceful shoulders, replying, in the polished manner of addressing women he had learned from his French friends: "I see that I must convince you—and when I have done so you will call me a *mufle,* of course. At least, I imagine you will, it is what one is generally called by a woman when one has convinced her of something she does not wish to learn. . . . Do you remember Ali, who brought you your breakfast this morning?"

"Perfectly," she declared, as the broad, grinning face of the negro came up before her.

"*Eh bien.* . . ." He turned round and gave a brief order in the singing Chleuh tongue. In a few moments a white-robed servant returned bearing a sheepskin that was folded round some heavy object, which he deposited in the middle of the Persian carpet. A faint but fœtid odour filled the air. Methodically the Kaïd took a tiny bottle of *ambre* from some recess in his capacious sleeve, sprinkled it on the folded handkerchief he took from another hidden pocket, and handed it to her.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"You will need a little perfume, madame. I am sorry, but the days are very warm now . . . . undo the skin, Messaoud."

Messaoud unrolled the sheepskin and took out a human head, which he held suspended by the black wool covering its skull. On its face was fixed a grin of terror in place of the remembered genial smile. The blue-eyed woman all but uttered a cry, but strangled it at birth. It was another of her principles never to show fear or surprise before an Arab, but she was hard put to it.

"That will do," commented Si Rahal indifferently, observing her discreetly but finding no chink in her armour. "I am sorry about the smell ——"

The servant took the head up gingerly by its wool, whereupon scalp and skull parted company and the head rolled into a corner. Under the Kaïd's furious glance he retrieved it, pushed it away in the folds of the sheepskin, and slunk out.

Eleanor Hume conquered a slight tendency towards hysteria. Then: "How dared you show it me!" she stormed at him forgetfully.

He raised his eyebrows.

"I felt certain you would be annoyed," he reminded her regretfully, "but you said you wanted proof. I sent Ali to-day with a letter announcing your arrival to the Sheikh of the Aït Seghrouchen. This afternoon my servants found the head exposed at a turn of the road . . . . you know these fellows' pleasant fashion of dealing with enemies. All the same, I do not suppose for a moment they had a grudge against Ali, or even me—they probably took him for the envoy *Nôtre Seigneur* had sent to collect the taxes—against whom they have an unconquerable prejudice. But when there is a *ciba* these things happen. You cannot go on, madame."

"Then where *can* I go?" she asked impatiently

"You can stay here," he suggested in his smooth, accentless French, so much more correct than a Frenchman's. "You have much to see yet, and within fifty kilometres to the south and west you are safe within my territory. "Or," he added quickly, seeing her hesitate, "though it would grieve me much that you should go back with you mission unaccomplished, if you are afraid of boredom here, you can go back to Marrakech. The road is safe for the moment."

"I suppose I had better—I can't trespass on your hospitality, Si Rahal."

"My house is yours, my servants your slaves. The day that you leave my roof it will be for me as if the sun had not risen." He spoke this time in sonorous Arabic—the formula was one she had often heard before—why did she seem to hear in it a wild undercurrent?

"I must think it over," she murmured.

She gave him her hand, which he took, as men take women's hands who are more used to taking them in their arms. Then she went slowly upstairs to her rooms, followed by the little Chleuh girl who had been told to wait on her, and whose hair shone the colour of a flame in the light of the great torch carried by a negro slave.

The Kasbah n'Tebairt was a great fortress built on a jutting peak of the Atlas, and overlooking the lower slopes of red sandstone and the remote purple plain where lay Marrakech. From a little distance its crenelated walls of dried mud were indistinguishable from the sun-baked rocks. Inside it was a whole village enclosed within fortified walls and covered by an unique roof pierced by open *patios*. Here were housed the horses and mules, servants and dependents of this Moroccan *Seigneur*. The heart and core of it all were his own apartments, rich with Persian rugs, skins, and ebony screens. On the first floor was a gallery built in the form of a square, and the centre of this gallery was formed by a suspended garden. On to this gallery opened the deep windows of numerous guest-rooms, among them those of Eleanor Hume.

She sat at her window for a little while before undressing, for the night was warm. In the centre of the garden rose a palm tree taller than the walls of the house, and around its roots was a tangle of rose and oleander bushes. The silvery cadence of hidden fountains murmured ceaselessly, a tiny tune played on three fluid notes, like the tune an Arab shepherd plays. And then came a softly sighing sound that might have been human or of the earth itself, as though the night had taken voice and sighed like a woman, amorous and dark bosomed.

A TINY noise broke the stillness. A fluffy little white Pomeranian dog was trotting along the gallery importantly, fluttering its plume of a tail as it ran. Eleanor, intrigued by this incongruous apparition—though toy dogs are frequent enough gifts to harem favourites—leaned out and held out her hand to it coaxingly. It came up willingly, and sniffed her fingers daintily while she caressed it. Suddenly her hand encountered something hard and square. A brief examination revealed a letter written in fine Arabic characters and folded small, attached under the silky fur by a cord. Safer, thought she cynically, than any servant, not to be bought, incapable of being suspected—whoever had chosen this instrument of harem intrigue had more than usual cunning. She watched it trot busily away.

Eleanor Hume did not go the next day, or the next, or the next. She could not go on as she had intended. She did not need a great deal of persuasion to believe that it was hardly wise to go back. She rode with the Kaïd to all parts of his scattered territory, attended the pagan Festival of Water, watched strange dances by painted Chleuh youths more graceful than girls, and spent her mornings in the harem. It was occupied at the moment by the Kaïd's aged mother, her widowed daughter, and five or six gazelled-eyed little Chleuhs, none of whom were the Kaïd's authentic wives. Eleanor drank innumerable cups of mint-perfumed tea, ate quantities of almond-paste sweetmeats, and replied to the endless questions of the old Lalla as best she could.

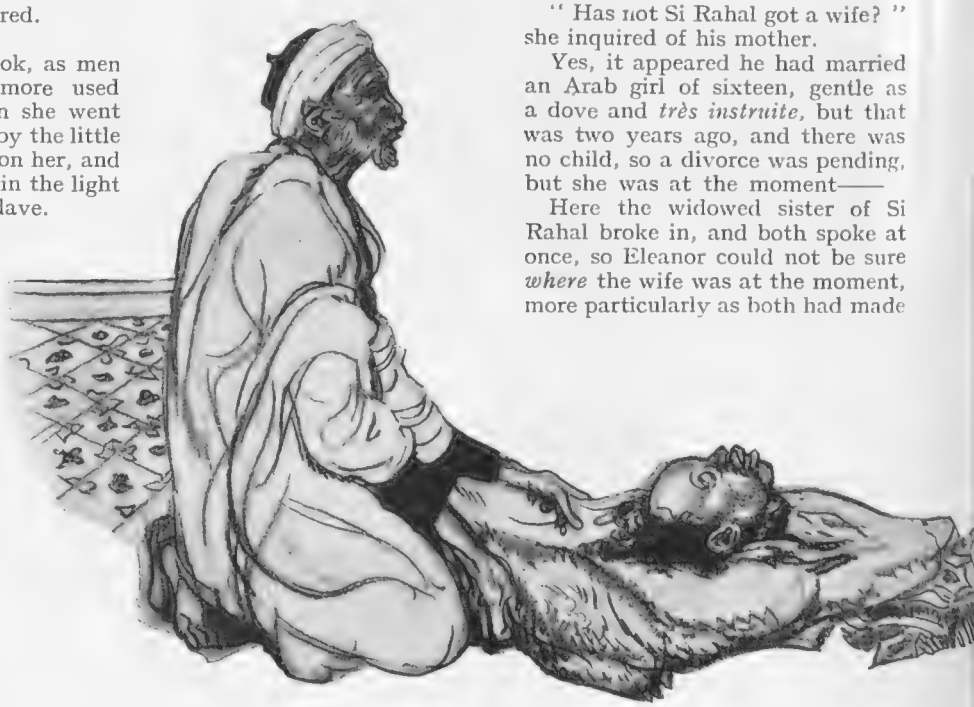
"Yes, I am married, but have divorced my husband." The Lalla approved this, apparently thinking it a smart way of turning the tables. "No, I have no children. I do not know if I shall marry again. Yes, I like men. No, I have no lover!" . . .

She parried a few startling questions that came as a natural sequence to these, and began in her turn to ask a few of the things she really wanted to know.

"Has not Si Rahal got a wife?" she inquired of his mother.

Yes, it appeared he had married an Arab girl of sixteen, gentle as a dove and *très instruite*, but that was two years ago, and there was no child, so a divorce was pending, but she was at the moment——

Here the widowed sister of Si Rahal broke in, and both spoke at once, so Eleanor could not be sure *where* the wife was at the moment, more particularly as both had made



an entirely different statement. She had always found it a curious thing that the Arab race cannot give you two identical versions of the same story.

"There is none greater than *Seigneur mon fils*," went on the Lalla, proudly. "The Sultan embraces him and calls him brother. When he goes to Paris a mighty ship is sent for him. The Resident himself voyages not in such state. He will marry again, and no one will refuse his daughter to Si Rahal. May Allah protect him!"

"*In'shallah!*" agreed Eleanor. She knew the story of the "mighty ship." Without any desire for ostentation, but simply because he objected to the tourist crowd, Si Rahal, on the occasion of his first visit to France a few years ago, had telegraphed to the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique to reserve for himself and his suite an entire boat! . . It was with great difficulty that the Resident had persuaded him merely to take the Presidential suite instead.

Riding with him that afternoon over a mountain path where the wild almond bloomed on either side, she repeated her questions with feminine cunning.

"Have you no wife, Si Rahal?" she demanded, with limpid candour.

He hesitated for a second, and then replied:

"Yes, I had one. She is dead."

"I thought you were divorcing her!" said Eleanor, rashly.

Without giving the faintest sign that he had perceived the trap, he replied indifferently: "Yes, it was so, but this morning I have received news that I as yet have told no one. She is dead, and I am free to marry again."

This callousness was typically Arab, and might be either real or assumed.

"You would have been free in any event," Eleanor reminded him carelessly.

"Unless I had wanted to marry a European—a Frenchwoman, for instance," he said quickly.

She met his eyes fixed full on her, and felt herself colouring hotly. There was no mistaking his glance. She had tumbled into the most fantastic adventure of an adventurous life. When he said, "Marry a European—a Frenchwoman," he meant, but was too proud to risk an unforgettable rebuff, "perhaps an Englishwoman—you!" This lordly but impossible personage was actually an aspirant to her hand! With the superb insolence of the Anglo-Saxon, she believed that such a man, virtually a prince, was yet no match even for the most reputationless white woman who ever haunted the bars and dancings of Casablanca. But even this conviction did not annul her sense of his power and magnetism. She wished that she were a complete nobody instead of quite definitely somebody, in order to be able to take what Fate offered her—perhaps the strangest and richest adventure of a varied life!

As if for the moment he were not quite conscious of what he was doing, Si Rahal leaned out of the saddle and closed his hand over hers. She smiled, decided not to move, and waited for him to speak, wondering swiftly what he would find to say and what she would reply to it. But he said nothing. She watched, moved by the sight of a stronger emotion than any she had seen, the red blood fade from his cheeks, leaving them ashen; the brilliance of his eyes become dulled, like the eyes of a man falling under the influence of a drug. All this at her touch! She did not know that she herself was pale as death.

Silently they rode on. She wondered if she would describe this to her friends some day when she had forgotten the poignancy of it and merely remembered the humour.

"My dear, did you know that I nearly got married to a Kaïd of the Atlas? Imagine the wedding!"

She hoped she would be able to make the story amusing. At the moment she had that horrible feeling, known only to the adventurous, that she had slammed the door on a strange country she would never see again—a land of sorcery, perhaps dark sorcery. She would have liked to say to Si Rahal: "Well, I can give you a week of my life—take it! Make me remember it!" Instead:

"White prestige!" she said venomously to herself. "The British Empire looks to me not to let it down, and so forth. Oh, damn! . . ."

And she went on playing with fire—the most satisfactory amusement that man has yet invented.

After her long day in the saddle Eleanor should have been tired enough to have slept profoundly. Instead, the usual wakefulness beset her, and, turning out her lamp, she threw a wrap round her shoulders and took up her post at the window.

Presently something moved in the shadows. She stirred, sighed, and felt as if a hand had closed over her heart. Then she saw it was only the swaying reflection of a palm branch on the pearl-white of the gallery floor. But on the moonlit whiteness moved something else, indistinguishable from it at a distance. It was her little friend of the night before, the Pomeranian, trotting along feather-light and noiselessly. He must have come out of the garden, for all along that side of the

"Messaoud unrolled the sheepskin and took out a human head"

(Continued on page xiv)

PARIS GOSSIP

LIPSTICK, LIKENESSES and LOTS of LOTTES

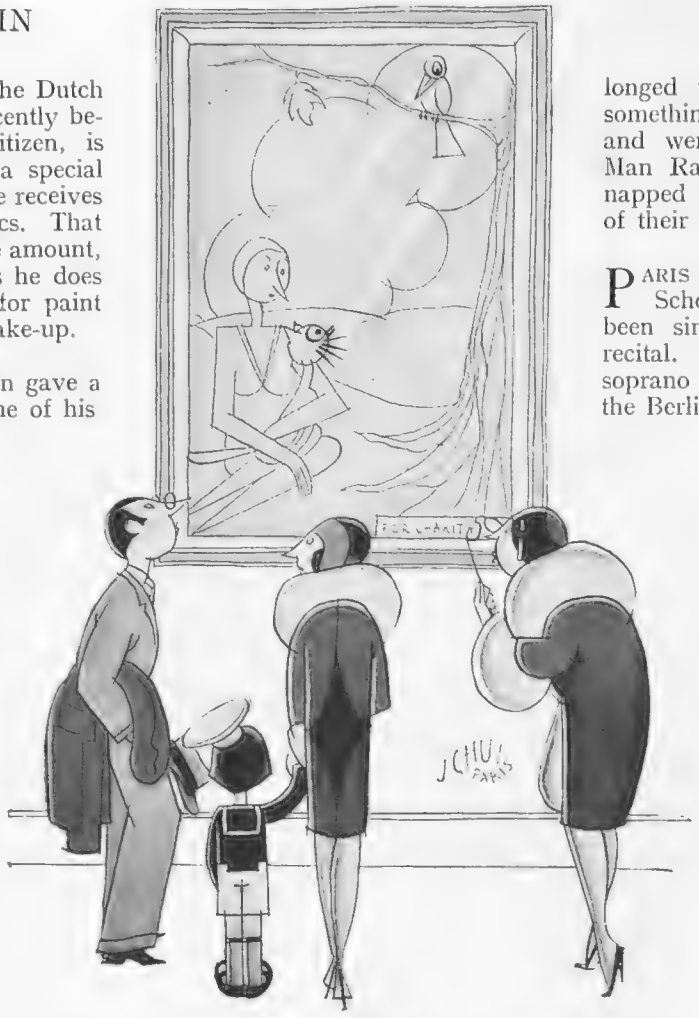
By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

KEES VAN DONGEN, the Dutch painter who has recently become a French citizen, is painting portraits, a special kind of portrait for which he receives seven or eight thousand francs. That is not, of course, a very large amount, but these particular sketches he does in a half hour or so, and for paint he uses lip-rouge and eye make-up.

ONE afternoon Van Dongen gave a tea at his studio, and one of his guests asked him to make a sketch of her He borrowed her rouge, and off he started. So as not to make the tonality of the portrait monotonous, he ran around the studio borrowing other ladies' lip-sticks.

"I NEED a little Guerlain here," he said, "and I could use a little Chanel there." An eyebrow called for an eyebrow pencil, and there was the portrait, and then and there he asked for three hundred guineas! These portraits will add a new page to art, and might to called "From Masaccio to Mascara." Since the day Van Dongen painted the Lido from a band-stand and nothing would move him, not even the arrival of the band who tooted and drummed at him while he insisted on finishing his painting, the public expects some new stunt. His latest one is a picture which he painted in collaboration with Foujita, the Japanese marvel.



"The face . . suggests Van Dongen, but I am sure Foujita painted the cat"

THE picture is on show at Bernheim-Jeune, and when sold the proceeds are to go to charity. The face of the woman in the picture suggests Van Dongen, but I am sure Foujita painted the cat. I suppose that when they were painting Foujita bowed and said, "Now, *cher Maître*, it's your turn. Why don't you try painting the cat?" Then Van Dongen said, "My dear Foujita, you are famous for your delineation of cats. I fear to injure your reputation." "That's the cat's," said Foujita, "then you put in the bird."

I WAS discussing this picture with Man Ray, who painted until he discovered himself to be considered the greatest photographer in the world. He said that Foujita and Van Dongen are clever enough to imitate each other's work so well that by the time the painting was finished neither would know which was his own work.

MAN RAY is the photographer whose pictures of Parisian painters, poets and pianists adorn the walls of the Bœuf sur le Toit. I asked him what had become of the charming photograph of two girl's legs—I mean one girl's two legs—that used to hang in the old Bœuf.

"IT was stolen," he said, "while the Bœuf was moving to its new quarters. And I think I know who got away with it." It seems that over a period of years Ray photographed a very attractive young American woman, and although she was pleased with the pictures he was never satisfied. One day he said, "I never get your face just the way I want," and turned the camera on her legs. That picture became one of his greatest successes, and although he never mentioned to whom the legs belonged the girl's family recognised something familiar about the picture and were furious. And somehow, Man Ray thinks, her relatives kidnapped the picture of these members of their family.

PARIS is full of Lottes. Lotte Schoene and Lotte Lehman have been singing at the Opera and in recital. Lotte Schoene is a lyric soprano from Vienna, who sings at the Berlin Opera. Lotte Lehman is a dramatic soprano from Vienna, but sings at the Vienna Opera. I went to the Salle Pleyel to hear one Lotte sing with the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. She turned out to be Lotte Lehman, and her voice is magnificent. During the interval I asked a music critic to explain the difference between the two Lottes. "Oh, about two hundred and fifty pounds net weight," he informed me. When I again took my seat I took another look at the singer and decided that the weight was on her side.

THE American widow of a famous international figure has received, in her house in the Rue de Lille, many callers offering condolence. Last Friday evening a few more intimate friends stayed on to dinner. A roast was served, but the hostess refrained, having ordered fish for herself. "I always eat fish on Friday," she said with the air of one who has a monopoly. On religious principles one of the guests gave an affectionate tribute to the departed husband, and the widow remarked briefly and religiously, "I hope he's in Hell."

IN spite of her mourning Mrs. X. recently applied to the Commissaire de Police for permission to widen the entrance gate of her lovely eighteenth century house, which was one a ducal residence. The Commissaire asked why the entrance wasn't sufficiently broad . . . after all, the Duc de —— had found it wide enough to admit his coach and six. "The old Duc," said the present owner of the house, "had only six horses to drive into the courtyard, and not one of my automobiles is less than sixty horse-power."

(*Continued on page 586*)

A view of the picturesque ninth green on the Wentworth course, where the "Bystander" Golf Trophy will be competed for to-day (Wednesday). A record number of entries has been received, and if the weather behaves reasonably there will undoubtedly be a vast attendance at what promises to be an outstanding event of the early season

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 584)

Mlle Ostrovsky, reputed to be Russia's most beautiful woman, who is at present in Paris. She is dressed exclusively by Worth

"THE Baron Henri de Rothschild, who has time to be a physician and to write plays under the pseudonym of André Pascal, has changed the name of his new theatre from 'Mon Théâtre' to 'Théâtre Pigalle.' Although Sacha Guitry has been commissioned to write a play for the opening, there has been a delay in the creation of the play and the construction of the building, which, so far, has cost the owner sixty million francs. I am speaking, of course, of the theatre, not Guitry's piece. . . ."

THE typically Parisian group of singers and actors who used to amuse themselves and their audiences at the Théâtre des Dix Heures in the Boulevard de Clichy has moved down to the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, to the tiny Théâtre National de la Caricature. Noel-Noel, who plays and sings so glibly while going through the most precious pantomime, has also painted the series of frescoes present in caricature a history of song, the personages of the pictures being figures of French political and artistic life. If you intend going to this theatre you had better arrive promptly at nine o'clock, or else bright remarks will be thrown at you from the stage. The other evening as the first performer was doing his stuff three men arrived late, and the singer called out, "If there were four of you, you would be *les Trois Mousquetaires.*" Seated behind us were five or six English people. After Noel-Noel had been playing and singing for fully fifteen minutes one of Englishmen exclaimed suddenly and audibly, "That's Noel-Noel."

"*Oui,*" answered the musician, bowing and smiling graciously at his auditor. I wish that English visitors to Paris would equip themselves with a new set of adjectives, for one English girl in this particular party said "*Charmant*" at least twelve times during Noel-Noel's stunt. It became so unbearable that I was about to write out a list of synonyms for "charming" to give her. If I had heard that word "charming" once more, I would have acquired a grudge against this little Noel-Noel, who really is . . . charming.

BUT it is inconsistent of me to complain about other people's reactions to the stage. Because if in an intelligence test, one of those association-of-ideas effects, someone were to shout the word "night-club" at me, I would answer, "Grand Ecart."

THAT is the only word, the only place, I can think of. I do not know why this little place in the Rue Fromentin has such a fatal fascination for me. The music is not as good as at "Pile ou Face"; there is hardly any space in which to dance; the atmosphere is not at all romantic as at "Casanova." I just adore it. Instead of doing my duty and going elsewhere this week, to the new "Chez les Boiards," or "The Music Box," or the recently reopened "Florence," I went to the Grand Ecart three nights in succession.

I saw the Polignac boy with the Vicomte de Beauchamp and a very *jeune, jeune fille,* who looked terrified, and I am sure she had never been out in public before; Harry Morgan, the brother of Lady Furness, with Albert Pani, the son of the Mexican Minister in Paris, who did not look a bit worried about the revolution; Salm Von Hoogstraten, the famous tennis player; Armand de la Rochefoucauld, Lady Abdy.

THERE is a sudden rush of Spring in Paris, and a sudden rush to the *couturiers* by all the girls, who, probably, have not as yet paid for their winter wardrobes. Printed chiffons are being shown for evening, which are very, as Rupert Hughes once said, low and behold in front, and Vie de Boheme in back. . . . Chantal is showing, to wear around the house after dinner, while playing bridge and before going out to dance, the most adorable coats; three coats, to be worn one on top of the other, in pink, green, and white *mousseline.*

J. M.

"The Commissaire asked why the entrance wasn't sufficiently broad"

A Model of Perfect Childhood

Radiant health, perfect development and glorious vitality are all possessed by Esmé Squibb.

Her mother writes: "*Esmé is the finest and healthiest girl in her class. A well-known artist has asked permission to paint her as, in his opinion, her figure is faultless. Mothers of other children constantly ask me to what I attribute her perfect health and her complete freedom from illness. The answer is, of course, 'Ovaltine.'*"

"Ovaltine" is the complete and perfect food prepared from malt, milk and eggs. It contains, in scientifically correct proportions, all the fats, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts necessary for building-up healthy and perfectly developed bodies, and ensuring the enjoyment of perfect health.

Every child should have delicious "Ovaltine" at meal-times instead of tea, plain milk or other beverages.

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A RUGGER REVERIE

"THEY'RE OFF!" The start of the 48th National Cross Country Championship at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. There was a field of over three hundred competitors

EXCESSIVELY COUNTY

By PENDARVES

COUNTY Rugger was brought into the full glare of the public limelight the other day for the first time by the final for the County Championship being staged at Twickenham on a Saturday—and *such* a lovely Saturday, too. Wherefore 17,000 people came to see Lancashire play Middlesex for the honour of being on top. And one couldn't help feeling that, in spite of the obvious presence of a large contingent of Lancastrians, public sentiment as a whole was all for the London side. This because it was the Jubilee match for Middlesex. They had their jubilee dinner fixed for that night. They had never actually held the Championship. And, of course, we all knew what that dinner would be like if they *did* win! And so we badly wanted them to win the match.

BUT only in an abstract, benevolent sort of no-you-have-one-with-me way. There is no public feeling of any sort of strength about the good- or ill-fortune of County Rugger. After all, you can't expect people living in London to care much about the fate of Middlesex at Rugger. We are all too cosmopolitan, so to speak, in the metropolis. It is always rather a mystery to me how the Middlesex and Surrey cricket sides get away with it as they do. Except that cricket has always been an excessively county affair: and Rugger never has.

SO that I think the vast majority of us had gone to Twickenham because the game had been given what is known as "a good Press" beforehand; and we came out of curiosity, because it was a summer-like day, and we had been starved of Rugger for weeks. Well, *quâ* Rugger, it wasn't a very edifying spectacle. It was composed of a collection of star performers on both sides, few of whom did anything very noteworthy, and all of whom must have been suffering severely from the sudden heat. One presumes that had Laird not been severely knocked out in the first five minutes of the game Middlesex would have won. Because playing a man short in a game of this sort—and he one of your best—necessitating a reorganisation of the side, is a catastrophe. This was particularly sickening for Middlesex under the Jubilee circumstances: and equally unsatisfactory for everyone was the final result, a draw at 8 points each. Though I suppose a lot of Middlesex men that night said, "Well, we weren't beaten anyway, and after you with that syphon."

A WORD of warning to France, if one may make so bold. She is at the present time being rather ridiculous in the matter of her Rugger. This is a thousand pities, because the very high quality of play of her men has brought her into the very forefront of the Rugger world. And no country is more pleased about that than England. But if she wants to continue to be reckoned with as a serious opponent in International affairs, she must not allow her responsible newspapers to publish articles accusing an English referee—or, indeed, any referee—of deliberately turning what should have been a French victory into a defeat at the hands of Wales by wilfully unfair decisions. The writer of this article brings broad grins to our faces when we read his admission that, of course, it was only natural for an English referee to be partial to the Welsh, "who, after all, are Englishmen." And, moreover, that had the duties of adjudicating upon this particular game fallen upon *his* shoulders he would have been unable to help trying "with all his strength" to aid France!

BUT it doesn't end there. One hears of their games, especially in the southern districts, where one supposes the blood is a bit more incandescent, being broken up in disorder owing to the spectators intervening with umbrellas, and bits of seats, and every known adjective; of referees flying for their lives to the nearest cellar (excellent place, a cellar in the Bordeaux country); and of pandemonium parading about the town until the small hours. No doubt exaggeration plays its part in the accounts that reach us, as usual. But one thing is abundantly clear, because we have seen it ourselves both at Murrayfield and at Twickenham: that the French Rugger player is still being beaten, not by his opponent, but by his own temperament. And until he can get that right his game will remain all wrong.

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FLYING NOTES

YO, HO! FOR THE SPANISH MAIN

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A "Bristol Bulldog," said to be the most formidable fighting 'plane, in flight. It has been adopted by the R.A.F. as a night defence 'plane for the protection of London

The Mayor and Corporation

QUITE a lot of amusement has been caused by a personal invitation issued to the civic authorities of this country to take the air with a well-known pilot. Cartoons have appeared with hints on how to board an air-liner, so for the benefit of the uninitiated perhaps one ought to explain that nowadays doors are fitted to all large passenger machines, wide enough to take even Mr. Punch's old lady who had no "sideways." Aeroplanes are no longer built like bird-cages, and it is easier to get into an Avian or a Moth than to mount a bicycle.

Air-cruising

TWO light 'planes set out from Croydon the other day within an hour of one another, each bound for a distant part of the Empire on a pleasure cruise. Mrs. Cleaver, piloted by Captain Drew, in a Gipsy Moth, is on her way to Baghdad and India, whilst Sq.-Ldr. Slatter is taking a busman's holiday to South Africa in the first of the all-metal "Bluebirds." This machine should have a wide sale in hot countries, for although the wooden type has stood the test of sun and heavy rain, a metal machine will keep in good condition much longer. This latest Bluebird is lighter than its wooden parent and many miles an hour faster.

Circling the Spanish Main

OUR trusty "Cirrus" has become very popular in the United States, and some indication of the growth of flying on the other side may be gained by an announcement from the American Cirrus Engine Company that it has just increased its capital by a cool million dollars, to cope with orders. Captain Lancaster has been engaged by the Company to make a pioneer flight by light 'plane from New York through the West Indies to South America and back via Panama and Mexico. There is a gold medal waiting for the first pilot to complete this tour successfully. The West Indies and Central America are sadly in need of improved communications, and this flight should draw attention to the use of aircraft for this purpose. British enterprise seems to have been sadly lacking in aim, for some of our oldest Colonies round the Spanish Main have never yet seen a British aeroplane. The Americans, the Italians and the French have all flown their flags across the Gulf of Mexico. Surely the flight of the Cirrus will inspire at least a Service cruise by the R.A.F.

Making History

THE Royal Air Force was honoured by receiving the first message from His Majesty the King since his recent illness, congratulating the Service on the rescue work carried out at Kabul. Nearly 600 people of all nationalities were flown to India over the North-West frontier, an historic achievement involving great risks during the depth of winter. The whole conception of peace and war in India has been changed by the aeroplane. Whereas in the old days it was a matter of mobilising the Indian Army to cross the Khyber Pass, the whole frontier is now policed from the air by a few squadrons of the R.A.F., whose presence has quite a soothing effect on possible raiders and warlike tribes.

Another Sportsman Wanted

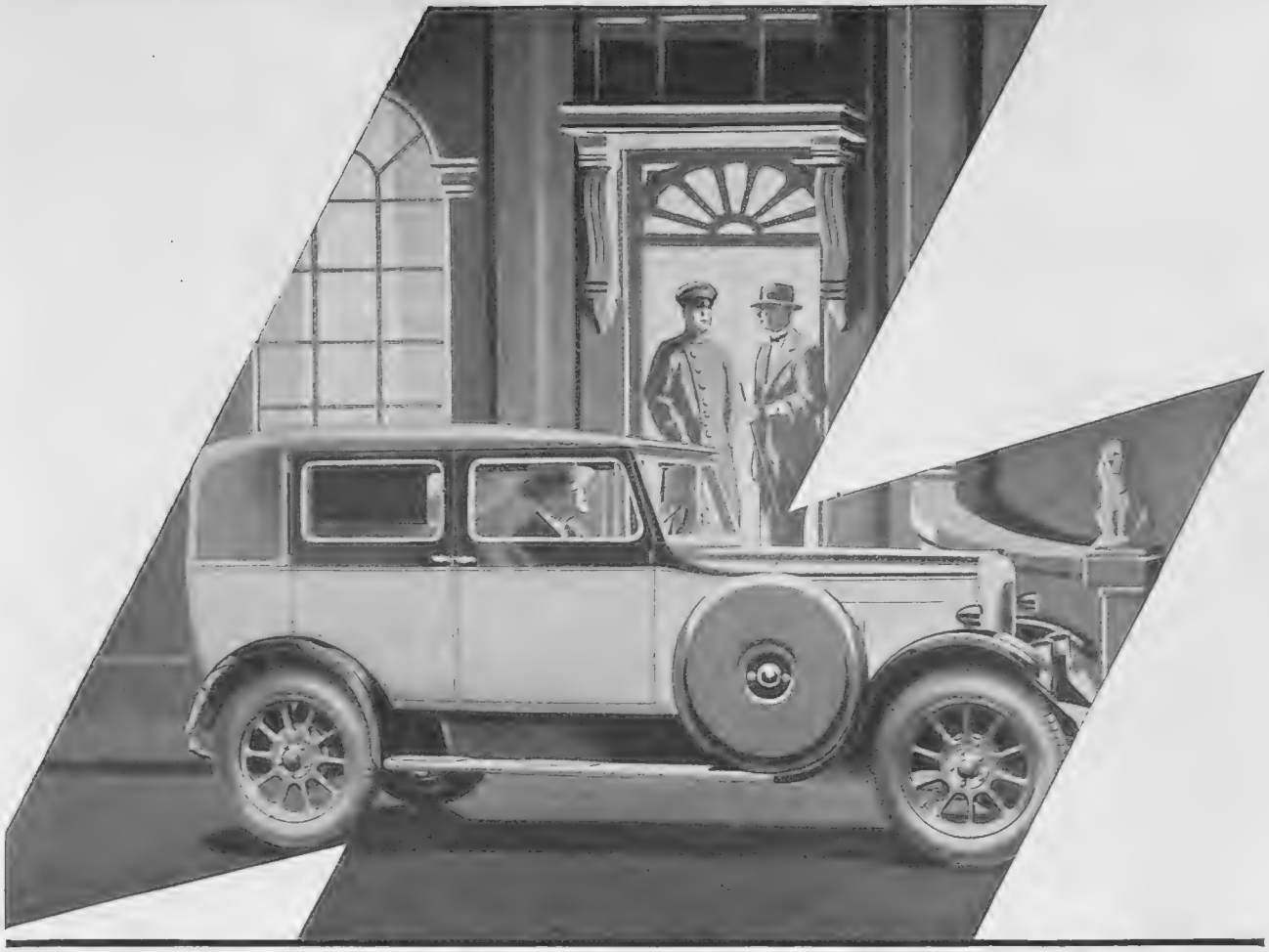
MR. J. SCOTT-TAGGART, who has offered to present a Moth to the London Club if another sportsman will do likewise, has just flown from Stag Lane to Switzerland in his own machine after completing only five or six hours solo. Sir Charles C. Wakefield having already done more than his share, there is a vacancy for someone else to back up this generous offer of a machine. The Royal Aero Club will welcome contributions towards the cost of the Schneider Trophy meeting, it being estimated that £20,000 is required to make necessary arrangements which cannot be covered by receipts.

Stag Lane Notes

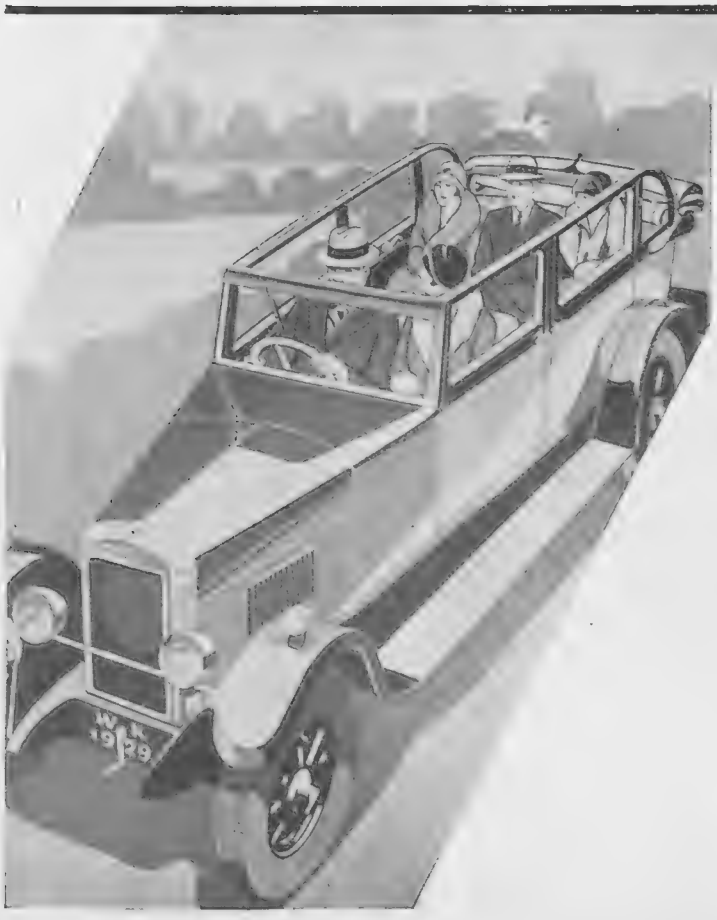
TWELVE slotted Gipsy Moths in metal have been ordered by the Canadian Air Force, in addition to a large number of the standard wooden type. Another Hercules has been built for Imperial Airways, which has already five of these machines in service between Cairo and Basra, where they have been operating during the past two years at 100 per cent. reliability. Those attracted by second-hand Cirrus Mark I Moths should note that the De Havilland School is re-equipping with the latest type, so there should be a number of the older model going cheap.

OFF TO CHINA

Mr. Wen Lin Tchen and Mr. Johannsen with their Cirrus Avian at Croydon. They recently started on a flight of 9,000 miles to China



FROM SALOON TO TOURER IN A FLASH!



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H.P.

MOTOR NOTES

Who Are "Motorists" . . . ?

By E. M. WRIGHT

Major H. O. D. Segrave and his giant racing car, the Irving Special Golden Arrow, in which he set up a new speed record on Daytona Beach. He re-won the Wakefield Cup for England, travelling at over 231 miles per hour

OLD habits die hard. Twenty years ago the motoring enthusiast was looked upon as a *diabolus in machina*, and that, if you ask the "man in the street," is very often how he would be described to-day. Distant memories of early machines rather incline me now to agree with the judgment that was then passed upon us. I suppose the queer noises which our uncouth monsters emitted were indeed horrible to politer ears, and the cars themselves were certainly not lovely to look upon. Motorists were, indeed, a class apart, for none but the very brave would venture forth in those early machines. But nowadays I greatly resent the implication that I am something different because I happen to own and drive a car. Though I do happen to drive in my own vehicle—in common with some ten hundred thousand more like myself—I am none the less a "man in the street."

(*Continued on page 594*)

DAIMLER

The merit of the Daimler car is not the work of a year or of ten but of a generation. The qualities that have made the Daimler famous have been built up within an organisation that has been under a single direction for twenty-five years.

In the same way the reputation of the Daimler has grown by the steady support of favourable public opinion. Ever since the British motor industry commenced, the discriminating public has shown its faith in the Daimler and always the Daimler has justified that faith.

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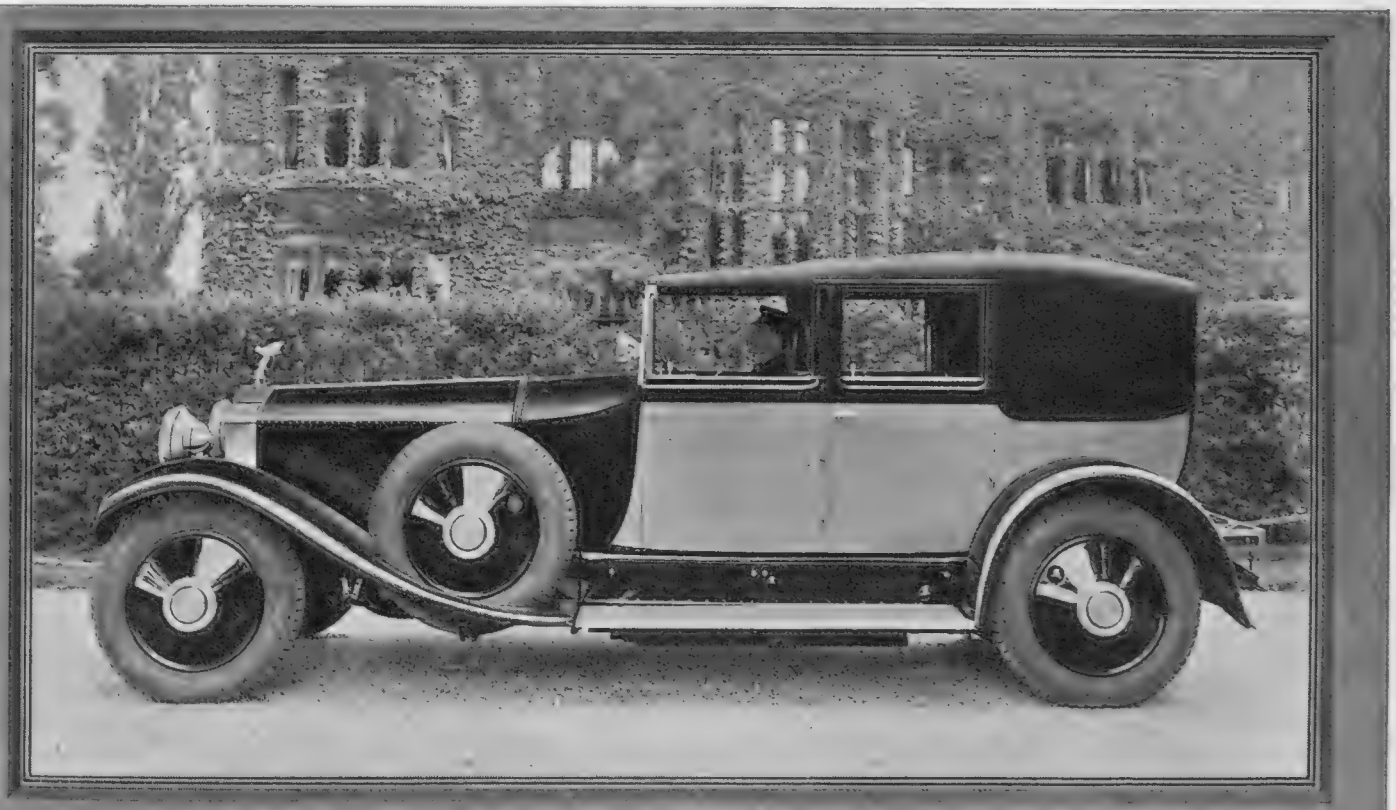


The Hooper Sedanca on Rolls-Royce chassis that again won the Premier Award, Concours d'Elegance, Biarritz, September 4th, 1928. Similar cars were also awarded the Premier Prize, Concours d'Elegance, at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and Grand Prix d'Honneur, Monte Carlo, during 1928.

Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Motor-body Builders to H.M. the King, 54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

Kennington Service

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 592)

FOR who are the "motorists" to-day? There are, to begin with, more than a million who actually possess cars of their own, and some millions more who regularly drive; and then it is not unfair to classify the countless millions who travel regularly in 'buses or motor coaches as motorists, too. Yet the "motorist" retains some curious separate identity. To the hotel keeper or the restaurant proprietor the possession of a car is proof positive that his victim is a man of substance and he reckons up his bill accordingly. To magistrates the possession of a car is almost *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and in consequence they administer sterner "justice" to the unfortunate in the dock. Our mistrust is fair game for all. The tax-gatherer, the politician, the "Big Business" man, the policeman, and the stunt journalist sport with the "motorist," each according to his bent.

***

MOTORING is a luxury, and as a luxury must be taxed to the very hilt, says the tax-gatherer. Motoring is dangerous, and motorists are criminals by the very nature of their occupation, says the politician as he devises further means to hamper and restrict their movements. The motorist can afford to pay; let us fleece him a little more, says the "Big Business" man as he claps a few more pence on to the price of petrol. The motorist flouts our authority, says the policeman as he lies in wait for his easy prey. And the stunt journalist chuckles as he records the doings of these mighty ones. His columns never lack for copy. Sometimes he will wax indignant at the injustice that is done to these poor outcasts who dare drive upon our roads, but let a motor figure in some sensational occurrence and he is ready with the black type headlines.

Sir William Letts, K.B.E., at a great War Dance, at which he was the guest of honour at City Deep, Johannesburg. He is, of course, well known in the motoring world, being the Managing Director of Messrs. Willys Overland Crossley

***

OLD hands at the game sometimes deplore the decay of that camaraderie which formerly existed among motorists, and surely there is as much, if not more, need to-day for union in the ranks of those who count themselves among this downtrodden class. For though we are no longer the small and select band of eccentrics of former years, our very numbers, which should give us strength, more often make spoliation more profitable. The Road Fund, to take just one example,

(Continued on page 596)

Sir Herbert Austin K.B.E. and the 20 h.p. 6 Cyl. "RANELAGH"

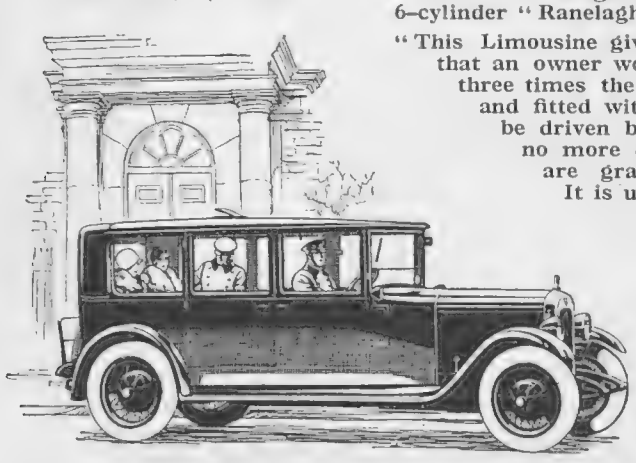
PRICES:

Austin	"Seven"	from £139
Austin	"Twelve"	from £250
Austin	"Sixteen" "Light Six"	from £305
Austin	"Twenty"	from £395

All Front Screens of Triplex Glass.

"AS public appreciation of motoring increased it demanded a new standard of luxury; luxury, however, unattainable under a four-figure price — until I designed the 20 h.p. 6-cylinder "Ranelagh" Limousine.

"This Limousine gives the appearance and fine performance that an owner would expect from any other seven-seater at three times the price. It is equipped with every refinement and fitted with an adjustable central screen, enabling it to be driven by owner or chauffeur. In my opinion there is no more distinguished car produced, yet the running costs are gratifyingly low and the purchase price only £630. It is unnecessary to pay more."



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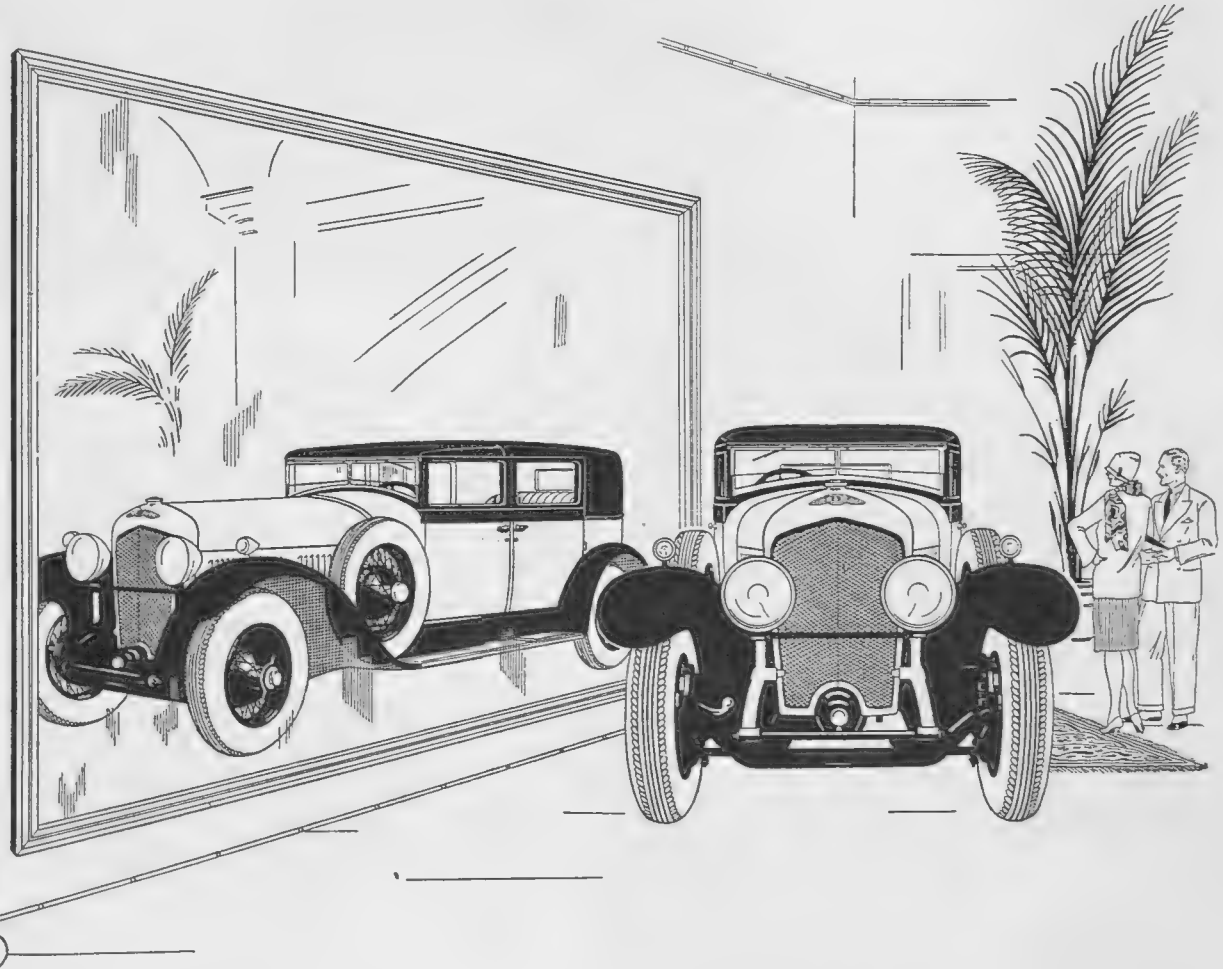

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 594)

grown big with the increase in our numbers, became too tempting a morsel for a hard-pressed Chancellor to resist. A mere 2¼d. on the price of petrol will add millions to the coffers of the oil combine. And, again, the necessity for *doing* something to cope with the problem of our needs offers boundless opportunities to the politician—for talk. Is it not time that we asserted ourselves, not as "motorists," but as plain "men in the street" with just this difference, that we do not waste our time in the worthless blather that usually distinguishes the noisy crew who thus describe themselves? Our case is not that of a single section of the community, for the needs of "motorists" are the needs of the nation at large.

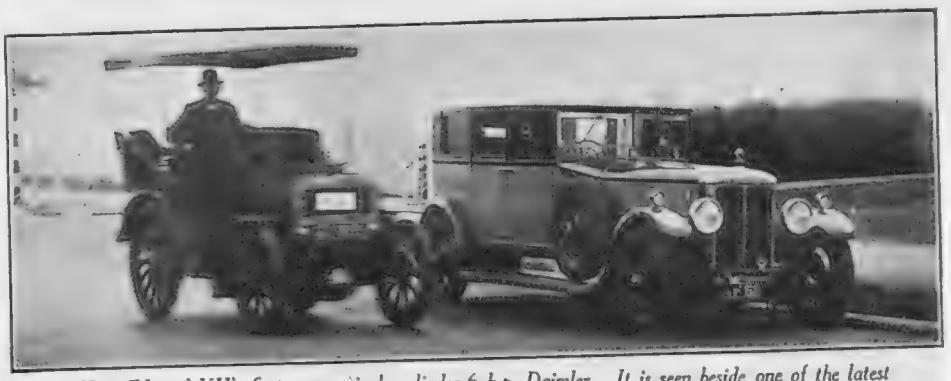
***

An important development in American export policy is foreshadowed by Mr. Harry Dodge, who, after several years in the motor trade in this country, has become a Director and General Sales Manager of the Graham-Paige International Corporation, which handles exports of Graham-Paige cars. He tells me that the head works, where cars of this make are produced, are now organising their export production line so that very considerable departures from standard can be obtained in batches or even in individual cars. Thus, the needs and requirements of widely varying tastes in such things as upholstery, trimming, fittings, and external colour schemes can be catered for. This is a very significant breakaway from the usual practice of large-scale makers, both in this country and in America. Hitherto, while providing as much variety as possible in their standard products, they have shown unwillingness to go a step further. Departures from the standard catalogue specification have been frowned upon and charged at very high rates, owing to the works costs and the disorganisation involved.

A recent portrait of Mr. Henry Dodge. He is a Director and General Sales Manager of the Graham-Paige International Corporation

***

Great activity prevails in Dublin and elsewhere in connection with the Irish International Grand Prix Races, which will be held in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on July 12 and 13 next. The way in which the Royal Irish Automobile Club's Guarantee Fund has filled shows that enthusiasm is quite a mild word for the interest which has been shown. The organisers' representative in England is Mr. A. Percy Bradley, of Donnington House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2, who can supply entry forms, copies of the regulations and generally give information in connection with the event. E. M. W.



King Edward VII's first car, a single-cylinder 6 h.p. Daimler. It is seen beside one of the latest 50 h.p. Double-Six Saloon Daimlers

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The 20/24 h.p. 6-cylinder

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Standard Enclosed-Drive Limousine

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OTHER MODELS

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All models fitted with Dewandre vacuum brakes.

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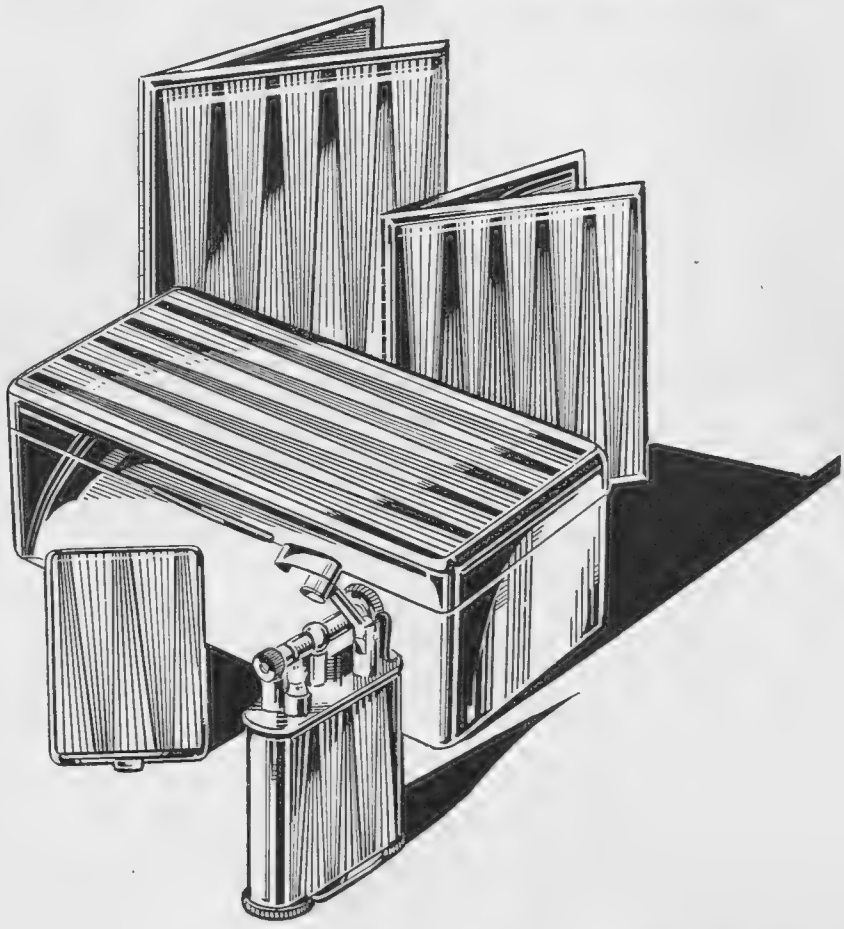

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WHEN next you are in need of any kind of smoker's requisite, in silver or in gold, we shall count it a privilege to submit our illustrated catalogue or to forward a selection from our stock for approval. This, of course, would place you under no obligation.

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

BRITAIN WINS the CUP of the NATIONS

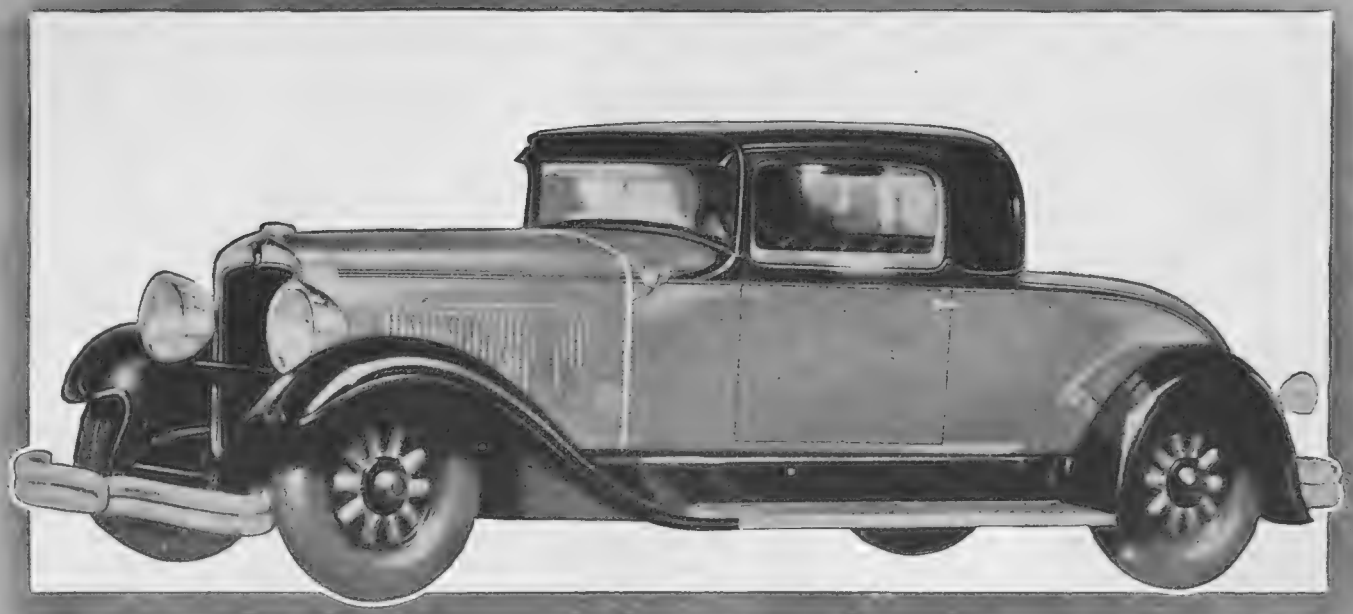
ENGLISH players have had so frequently to play second fiddle at Lawn Tennis of late that even a minor triumph over the foreigner can be regarded with satisfaction.

This rare and satisfactory achievement was brought off at Mentone, when the finalist pairs in the Mixed Doubles of the Cup of the Nations were both British, and G. L. Rogers and Mrs. Covell beat J. M. Hillyard and Mrs. Satterthwaite after a first-class fight. The successful pair are seen on the right.

Above are seen G. M. Simond (left), Mrs. Satterthwaite, Captain Jack Hillyard, T. Tirling (Assistant Referee) and

S. W. Merrihew, Editor of "American Lawn Tennis."

Left: G. L. Rogers again figures with Col. Hartman (Referee), Miss Valerio, G. de Stefani, Miss Macfarlane (U.S.A.), Count del Bono and E. C. Peters.



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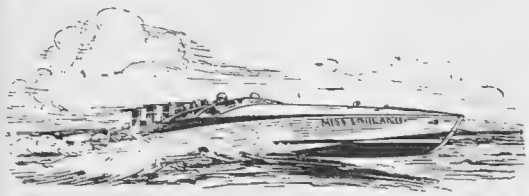

In order to stand the terrific strain. "Miss England," with which it is hoped to break the world's speed record on water. has had to be fitted with a FLEXIBLE hull.

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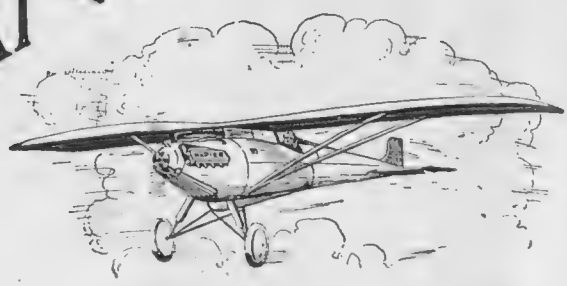

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SPARKING PLUGS

"Fit and Forget."

MANNERS ARE NOT WHAT THEY WERE

By ROSEMARY *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Wouldn't you prefer a bouquet for instance—or was it a nosegay?—to—

I MET an Australian last week. He had left most of the accent behind on the boat, so there wasn't anything to complain of and we established contact, as they say. Getting out my Guide to Foreign and Colonial relations and reading from page 1, I said: "What strikes you most in England?" And he said: "Why, the way your policemen say Sir, and the different manners your gentlemen have. They don't seem to take their hats off in a lift when there are ladies there, and they don't offer their places in the 'buses or on the Underground. I got up when I first came over, but the girl refused to sit down. I haven't done it again."

I REMONSTRATED; I admitted some women make the path of chivalry rough going, but I said most of us appreciate it; I even said manners were still "done." But I could see he was unconvinced. He thought it rather "homely" of me, and about as out of date as the English way his mother had brought out to Australia in the days before the War.

FOR apparently it *was* a different place then. We who didn't know it can only feel the difference when we come up against its relics. If you meet a pre-War man, for instance, you recognise at once a being from another world. Not but that some people are always two wars behind their own generation at the best of times. There's one person in high place, I could mention, who is pre-Franco-Prussian at the latest. But without going out of our way for these sort of people, it only takes a man or girl our elders by a few years to give us a glimpse of what it was like. A world of lifted hats, doors held open, proffered chairs. A time when hostesses were thanked for having their guests, and the guests in most cases had met their hostesses. And the way of a man stepping aside in the street or rising in a 'bus was not thought wonderful.

THERE may not be much that is new under the sun, but the change in these things is one of them. It is unique in history. There can never have been an age when the courtesies were at such a discount. And the reason lies in general much where my Australian's resolution lay in particular. If the girl in the 'bus won't sit down, the men won't get up. It is women who make manners; men would as gladly do without them as they do with a good many other amenities of civilisation when left to themselves; it is women who are the champions of the civilised state. And no wonder! I mean, when it comes to returning to Nature, a woman's nowhere. Have you ever *seen* a Girl Guide who has been camping out? While a man who has spent a week-end in camp, or been training for some rough games, is nice to be seen about with.

AND seldom has there been an age when women's influence has had more with which to contend. With every increase in numerical strength the resources of the individual are weakened. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the present time, which shows such superabundance of femininity in the population figures, should show, too, such a decline in the standard of manners. A girl can insist on things, as she always could, with the one or two, but she can't contend with the blacklegs of the sex who let their favours go and demand very little in return.

NOT that underneath we are very different from what we ever were. And it probably didn't help the damsels of the Age of Chivalry who had to marry people they didn't want to, that there was a lot of bowing and kissing the hand about it. Nor were the early Victorians who had unfortunately got born with a

—the sifted remains of a box of chocolates after the theatre?"

little intelligence, comforted by laborious compliments when they wanted to talk sense. Though looking back on it, whatever the other advantages now, it seems that the customs of the time lent themselves more readily to romance, and some of their manners wouldn't come amiss.

WOULDN'T you prefer a bouquet, for instance—or was it nosegay?—to the sifted remains of a box of chocolates after the theatre? There seemed to be more possibility in the situations then for the exercise of women's natural talent in a scene.

BUT as for many of the things we are told are new and unheard-of-before, it is amazing how often they turn out to be second-hand. Wasn't Mr. Shaw saying something about it becoming the habit of the modern young man to live on a woman and be quite unashamed about it? And haven't many people said it is disgraceful in modern society how other people court the limelight? Well, a newly published book, called "The Tempestuous Prince," about a German nobleman who lived, or as they said then, "flourished," a hundred years ago, is about the best reminder I've seen lately of the old line, *Plus ça change* . . . The hero quite unashamed comes over to England to make his fortune by a good match. He reports progress regularly to his late wife. She, accommodating woman, having divorced him in order that he may make a living in this way! Is Collusion anything so new? And does a Gigolo in any other century sound much better?

"Ninette's exhibition at the Kit-Cat"

IN this book certain parts are equally up to date. The author writes a memoir and it is said to contain many of the scandals in it about a former hostess of his in Ireland, Lady Morgan. She "affirms" that it is this that sells the book. She is properly horrified at such publicity—and tells her friends of it. It becomes, as you might expect, knowing your own century as you do, a best seller.

THE Tempestuous Prince doesn't find his wife—it was before the days of the American heiress, remember, and life was in many ways less easy—and for a reason that sounds oddly familiar. The young ladies all object to there being nothing immoral in his divorce. They could forgive a lot, but never that two people should in a friendly spirit decide they no longer wished to be married to each other, and take steps to end their tie. Miss Harriet Hamlet sheds floods of tears but remains obdurate. I'm not so sure about the tears, but there is something no less obdurate—and should we say hypocritical—in the attitude of a good many people this hundred years later to the same subject.

WHAT with all this, *and* an expedition to the East where he behaves like any Colonel Lawrence-Private Shaw, I almost expected the author to try a course of masquerade. But the clothes of the opposite sex never seem to have quite the appeal that way round. And of course, if it was ready money he wanted, it took much longer then to write your memoirs than it does now to dictate a "frank" story of your life to a reporter for your fellow countrymen's edification the very next Sunday.

I MUST say bankruptcy seems the only possible explanation for any woman wanting to adopt men's clothes, especially just now with all the spring shows on. Though there, again, I should have thought for most women worth the name that state of affairs would come *after* rather than *before*. Still, no accounting for tastes. But whatever you think about other things, there couldn't be two opinions about some of the clothes this spring. The endlessly different patterns of the printed crêpe de Chines and the chiffons; and the delicious little little coats that are winning their way into being worn with every sort of dress. Hartnell showed some particularly attractive models last week at the May Fair Hotel.

"To Le Touquet for Easter"

AND Ninette's exhibition at the Kit-Cat gave you some ideas what to wear there if you're going to see the new sensational dancers, Howell, Harger and Naldi; or if you are going to the Ball at Mrs. Hartog's on the 19th, which the Prince promised to attend, as it is for the Empire Fellowship. And if you are going to Le Touquet for Easter, or almost anywhere else, you can't be seen without something in the wardrobe that is that marvellous new colour, what the poet Coleridge called that "peculiar tint of yellow-green."

Rosemary.

BY HYNES

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THE WHITE POMERANIAN (*continued from page 583*)

gallery were the shuttered windows of empty guest-rooms. With this thought the moonlight-patterned darkness of the bushes seemed to thicken, to become more dense and secret. Was someone watching . . . ? Filled with a curiosity which was no longer quite light-hearted, was already touched to the sinister, Eleanor called the little creature softly, as she had done before.

But the Pomeranian, after one glance from his liquid black eyes, pattered quickly on as though frightened. She threw him half a biscuit that had been sent up with her *petit déjeuner* that morning, and after he had eaten it daintily he came back for more. Instantly her hand was thrust under his soft fur in search of the expected letter, but her fingers encountered something else—something long, hard and cold. With a faint cry she snatched away her hand and stared at it. Across the white surface lay something scarlet, like a fallen thread.

Why? she said to herself. Thoughts ran riot in her head. Was something ominous going on here, under this roof, while she had dreamed a worse than idle dream? The night wind, laden with the sweetness of jasmine flowers, warm as though the jasmine lay on a woman's breast, grew strangely chill. The stars seemed a thousand goblin eyes, the crescent moon a twisted hag. Something unknown and fearful hovered, perhaps peering at her from the darkness of the garden. She clenched her hands, despising herself for the sense of horror that invaded her. She ought not to have let the dog go—ought to have followed it. Into what dark trap? No matter, she should have had the courage . . .

A . . . ah . . . ah! It was she herself who had uttered that wail of sheer terror, feeling something cold against her hand. There was a little whine. There, under her window again, was the white Pomeranian, sitting up and begging for a biscuit. But this time its four paws were red . . .

Henna! Henna, she said to herself, wildly. A favourite trick of children when they hennaed their own olive fingers, to henna their pets' paws. But here there were no children . . . Bright red. So was henna. Sticky-looking. So was fresh henna. So . . .

Delicately the Pomeranian lifted one by one its tufted paws and shook them. In the moonlight flashed a spray of ruby drops and fell on the porous marble, which would hold their stain until it fell to dust. Ineffaceable, blood on marble. Not henna, blood . . .

She was a coward, just a poor, sickly coward, like most of the other women she knew. She ought to get up, go out of that room, search for that other room, somewhere not far off, where must lie a pool of that which stained the Pomeranian's paws. She ought to find out who sent that knife, to whom and why. Somebody had said "Die!" and somebody else, tragic and abject slave, had died. Things fell into place in her mind with abominable ease, like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle whose fearful pattern . . .

An old, old Berber custom perhaps still practised . . . somebody hidden and unwanted . . . a mad supposition . . . While she stood shuddering, nerving herself to action, there rose a series of brazen-throated wailings, shattering the ominous silence. And the house woke incomprehensibly to life. Negroes came with torches, flying along the gallery with black, naked feet, treading in the five-petalled red flowers that were the dog's paw-marks, so that to-morrow all the marble would be a sinister rose colour. Came stridently sobbing the white-and-russet Chleuh girl, scoring her smooth skin with her nails with methodical savagery, five red weals at a time. The air was full of the high, thin shrieks of women, the wolf-like ululations of the negroes. And the sweetness of the jasmine and orange-flower was no longer there. Instead a nameless odour, neither sweet nor foul, impregnating all the air, until it seemed heavier than that which men can easily breathe . . .

Mingling with the strident yells came the tragic howling of the dogs who had caught the odour that all the brute creation fears. The white Pomeranian was cleaning itself delicately, licking one after the other each feathery paw.

"Eleanor drank innumerable cups of mint-perfumed tea and replied to the endless questions of the old Lalla as best she could"

EARLY the next day Eleanor received Si Rahal. But after the first eager glance at her he stood stock still on the threshold of her rooms. She wore riding clothes, had the thick veil she wore for protection from the dust wound round her hat, and was already pulling on her gloves.

THE WHITE POMERANIAN

"I am afraid, Si Käid, my visit ends to-day. I am going back to Marrakech." She disregarded his offered hand.

"I do not know if it is safe——" he began.

"Perhaps as safe as your house, Si Rahal," she observed, pointedly, meeting his eyes. Cold as steel now, their glances crossed each other.

"My house was safe—for you," he said after a brief pause.

"Perhaps. Perhaps also it was once safe for . . . what was her name? The girl you divorced . . . or who was dead . . . *or who died last night?* Did you really imagine that you were —removing an obstacle? "

He remained silent, whiter than his linen burnous. The profundity of the gulf between them amazed her. She went on unflinchingly, still holding his glance.

"Was it really unsafe for me to go on, do you think, five days ago? Or was a *ciba* provoked by someone all-powerful in this region—to whom the fomenting of a rebellion would be a small thing—and the sacrifice of a trusted servant a small thing—and the murder of an unwanted wife a small thing—yes, murder, *murder!* "

She would have insisted with a growing hysteria but for the realisation that the word that rang in her ears meant nothing to him. He was still looking at her gravely, with a sort of haughty and unremorseful despair. She turned contemptuously aside.

"Tell my servants to be ready," she commanded him. "I am leaving your house at once."

Something flickered in his eyes for a moment, bright and deadly as if a serpent had lifted its head. Then it was as though a film came over them and they looked at her blankly. He bowed and withdrew.

Without displaying a futile resentment, or attempting either to lie or to explain, he drew his burnous about him and, turning, went slowly down the stairs, wrapped in thought. That which was not to be was not to be. *Mektoub.*

And now because of her insolence, unbearable in a woman and not to be endured by one who called himself a man, he hated her for ever. But murder, rape and treachery—that was one thing. Like fighting bravely and dying gloriously, all in the day's work. Now a greater thing was involved—his own honour.

He was responsible for the safety of a guest, if necessary with his life and the life of all his men. That was the most sacred of all laws, that of hospitality. Nothing must happen to this hell-cat, on whom he poured every deadly curse, between Kasbah n'Tebairt and Marrakech. Yet none knew better than he the state of the mountains, the widening circles that had spread from the little stone he himself had flung. On the road to Marrakech dissident tribes lay in ambush. Savage Chleuhs from the remote fastnesses to whom a renegade Käid, a friend of the French, would be a greater prize than any white woman. *Would even buy her safe passage.* . . .

He went into the women's quarters, embraced his mother and sister, and discarded his white burnous for the *djellabah* of mountain travel. Then he rode forth unescorted, leaving the copper-haired Chleuh girl beating her head against the wall and wailing, none knew why.

When Eleanor rode out of the dark passages of the Kasbah an hour later high noon was drawing near. The sky was the colour of a baby's eyes, and almond blossom drifted like pink clouds against the brown sides of the mountains.

Far, far below in the plain lay the Red City of Marrakech, colour of blood in the distant sunlight. And at a hairpin bend of the mountain road a few miles on something was perched grotesquely on a long pole. . . . Eleanor did not see what it was until she was quite close, and then, though she shrieked aloud, she did not understand. But no man assaulted her on that journey, and she reached the city in the plain by nightfall.

Thus was saved Si Rahal's honour. . . . D. B.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SIX GREENES and FOUR SHIEL'S

By RALPH STRAUS

CAPT. GEORGE H. F. NICHOLS

Otherwise "Quex," who over a period of some fourteen years has made his "Diary of a Man About Town" one of the celebrated features of journalism, has resigned from the "Evening News." An interesting announcement concerning his future activities is to be made shortly

I RECEIVE some very curious letters from strangers at times. The other day a lady wrote to me, wanting to know how a novel should be written. She said that her own life had been so full of interesting drama that "it ought to be put into a novel." She said that she had repeatedly been begged by friends to write that novel, and had now decided to do so. And would I please give her "the rules." I told her that all good novelists invent their own rules. She found this reply unsatisfactory, and "ventured" to send me a sort of general knowledge examination paper, with neatly ruled spaces for the answers. I said that my professional fees for this kind of thing were almost alarmingly high, and our correspondence came to an abrupt end.

⁂

THERE would be no point in my mentioning this would-be literary lady, except for one of the questions that she put to me: how long ought a novel to be? Of course, there can be no plain answer to this. A novel must be just as short or as long as its writer chooses to make it. Zola took twenty long volumes to give us the history of his peculiar Rougons. Galsworthy filled several books before he was done with his Forsytes. On the other hand, many of the world's masterpieces fill barely a hundred pages of large print, and even when the canvas to be covered is unusually big, it does not follow that Richardsonian methods must needs be followed.

⁂

TAKE, for instance, a first novel which I have been reading with the greatest enjoyment. *Six Mrs. Greenes* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Lorna Rea, deals with no less than four generations of a family, and it gives you as vivid a series of family portraits as you could ask for even from the most experienced writer, yet it is what most people would call a short book. More, it brings out into the clearest relief the vast changes which have taken place in ordinary middle-class families during the last thirty years. Mrs. Rea, that is to say, has followed the very safe rule of being wisely selective. She could probably have written a long novel about each of her Mrs. Greenes. Instead, she has constructed six delicate vignettes, fixed them picturesquely into the right sort of frame, and produced a real work of art.

⁂

NOW this novel contains little enough "plot," but that is not to say that it is lacking in drama. There may be no one great story to be told about the Greenes, but there are scores of little yarns which together build up the clear-cut picture which it was Mrs. Rea's aim to paint. She shows you this family as it is at the moment when the most managing of the Mrs. Greenes, the Edith who "loves" her husband and three children so much that they can hardly call their souls their own, decides to give a party for the other five ladies privileged to be addressed as she is.

⁂

AND so you have the tired and rather selfish old great-grandmother, and jolly Aunt Sarah, her sister-in-law, and the grumbling Dora, who is always being "slighted" (in her own view) because she is poor, and young Helen, who tries to paint and is not quite so respectable as her mother-in-law, and Jessica, just home from her honeymoon, the bright young thing who can be "quite modern" without losing anything of her feminine charm.

⁂

A TRULY delightful book! There is wit in it, and humour and genuine understanding. Also the writing is good. I can recommend it without hesitation to all and sundry. (Incidentally, I am not surprised that the publishers gave it a novel advertisement. They broadcast, on successive days, invitations from each of the Mrs. Greenes to the party, with R.S.V.P.s but no address, and only with the sixth card gave their "guests" an explanation. A jolly idea, fully in keeping with the novel.)

⁂

AND so, at long last, that extraordinary writer, M. P. Shiel, has a chance of coming into his own. There is to be a collected edition of his novels and stories, and four volumes have already appeared. For years he has had his "fans"—myself amongst them—but to the big public his name has remained unknown. I have often wondered why. Perhaps it is that people are apt to fight shy of the fantastic and the macabre, and with Shiel there are never any half-measures. He is always writing at white-heat, whether he be describing a dead world, as in *The Purple Cloud* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), or a rollicking romance of old days, as in *Cold Steel* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). With a gorgeous imagination and a wild enthusiasm to help him, he sets out to tell some strange story, and such is his magic that you accept all his marvels, even his impossibilities, for the sober truth. And a man who can do that is assuredly not without genius.

⁂

I DO not say that Shiel will be to everybody's taste, but I do say that not to have read one or two of his romances is to have missed something very splendid indeed. And there is this about him: you can never guess what he will be at next. In *The Lord of the Sea* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), for instance, one amazement follows another. There is no word to describe the hero's career. He is impossible, but you believe in him. You see him escaping from prison (it is an escape that only Shiel would have devised), you see him "annexing" the seas and levying taxes on the world's shipping, becoming Regent of Britain, finally ruling the Jews in Palestine. The wildest romance, you think—until you read it, enthralled, and find yourself wishing for some such adventure yourself.

⁂

IN *The Yellow Peril* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), too, there is the same multi-coloured grandeur. Here it is the great rivalry that is to come between East and West, and it is typical of Shiel's daring that he should have taken for his hero the young Edward, Prince of Wales. You may call this book a "shocker" if you will, but there are not many shockers like it.

Easily the best, however, of all the Shiel romances is *The Purple Cloud*, and it is with this really great book that you should begin your examination of his work. Here the world's population is killed off by a poison-gas, but one man escapes and roams over the five continents, terribly, monstrously alone for twenty long years. He burns and he builds, and somehow he retains his sanity. And then, on a sudden, he finds that he has not been alone: a girl has also survived. He fights against her, but love is too strong for him: together they become the new Adam and Eve. Here, indeed, Shiel is at his loftiest and best, and at such times it is not unfair to say that nobody can touch him.

⁂

SOME sort of a divinity still continues to hedge a king, even if he be no particular hero. I have just read Eugen Ketterl's "intimate study"—delicious

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page iv)

phrase—of his royal master, *The Emperor Francis Joseph* (Skeffington: 18*s.*). It is exactly the sort of book that you would expect it to be: not very exciting, not very illuminating, but with just that tiny thrill that comes when the veil that surrounds a great man or a man in a great position is pulled aside.

❋

THE Emperor may have been starchy enough with his Ministers, but to his servants he remained a kindly old man who disliked to give trouble, and in some measure returned their affection. We learn from his valet that he rose every day at three in the morning, ate very little, worked very hard, and did not possess too sumptuous a wardrobe. One or two of Herr Ketterl's opinions are rather odd, but his book is quite readable. R. S.

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

THE INCONSISTENT VILLAINS. By N. A. Temple-Ellis. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—This detective story won the first prize in a recent competition. The judges were A. A. Milne, Father Knox, and H. C. Bailey, all of whom I wholeheartedly admire as exponents of the craft. But I am a little surprised at their judgment. Mr. Temple-Ellis's story is exciting enough, but there never comes that crash of surprise which I always demand, and the writing is definitely poor. All the good old cliches are chasing one another all the time. Confusion is generally being worse confounded, and somebody says "albeit" in the middle of a sentence, and people make a point of using long words. A disappointing affair, but, then, prize novels so often are.

MRS. LORNA REA

Whose book "Six Mrs. Greenes" has been so favourably received. It is reviewed on page iv

PATRICK HAMILTON, the young author of *Twopence Coloured*, a successful novel of stage life, published last year, has also written a play called *Rope*, which the Repertory Players presented on Sunday, March 3. Mr. Hamilton is working on another novel to be published by Constable.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Not the best of this writer's novels, but good to read. The story of a doctor who marries beneath him. The scene is Sussex, as usual, the time somewhere in the 'sixties. The ending is happy, but rather too conventional.

KINGS, CHURCHILLS, AND STATESMEN. By Knut Hagberg. (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.*)—Most interesting and shrewd biographical sketches by a Swedish writer who certainly knows his England. The "victims" range from George IV to Queen Victoria and King Edward, and from Marlborough and Palmerston to Mr. Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Lloyd George. Very pleasant reading indeed.

THE SLIPPERY LADDER. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Mr. Pett Ridge has his own methods of telling a story, and if some find him too "quick" for them, others will be grateful to find the Ridgean egg so full of agreeable meat. Here you have the adventurous career of a young man whose father is a wrong 'un (though a nice wrong 'un), and who discovers that the path towards respectability and success is very slippery indeed. But the young man makes good in his catering business, and undoubtedly deserves his success. There is a whole gallery of delightful portraits. Personally I read the book through at a sitting, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

ENTER SIR JOHN. By Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—It is a little curious to find these two writers collaborating in a detective story, but it is not the ordinary detective story. It is a tragi-comedy which happens to centre in a murder. Most of the folk concerned are "on the road," though Sir John himself (a delightful fellow), has his own theatre in London. You may guess what really happened fairly easily, but that will not detract in the least from your pleasure in reading this amusingly unusual book.

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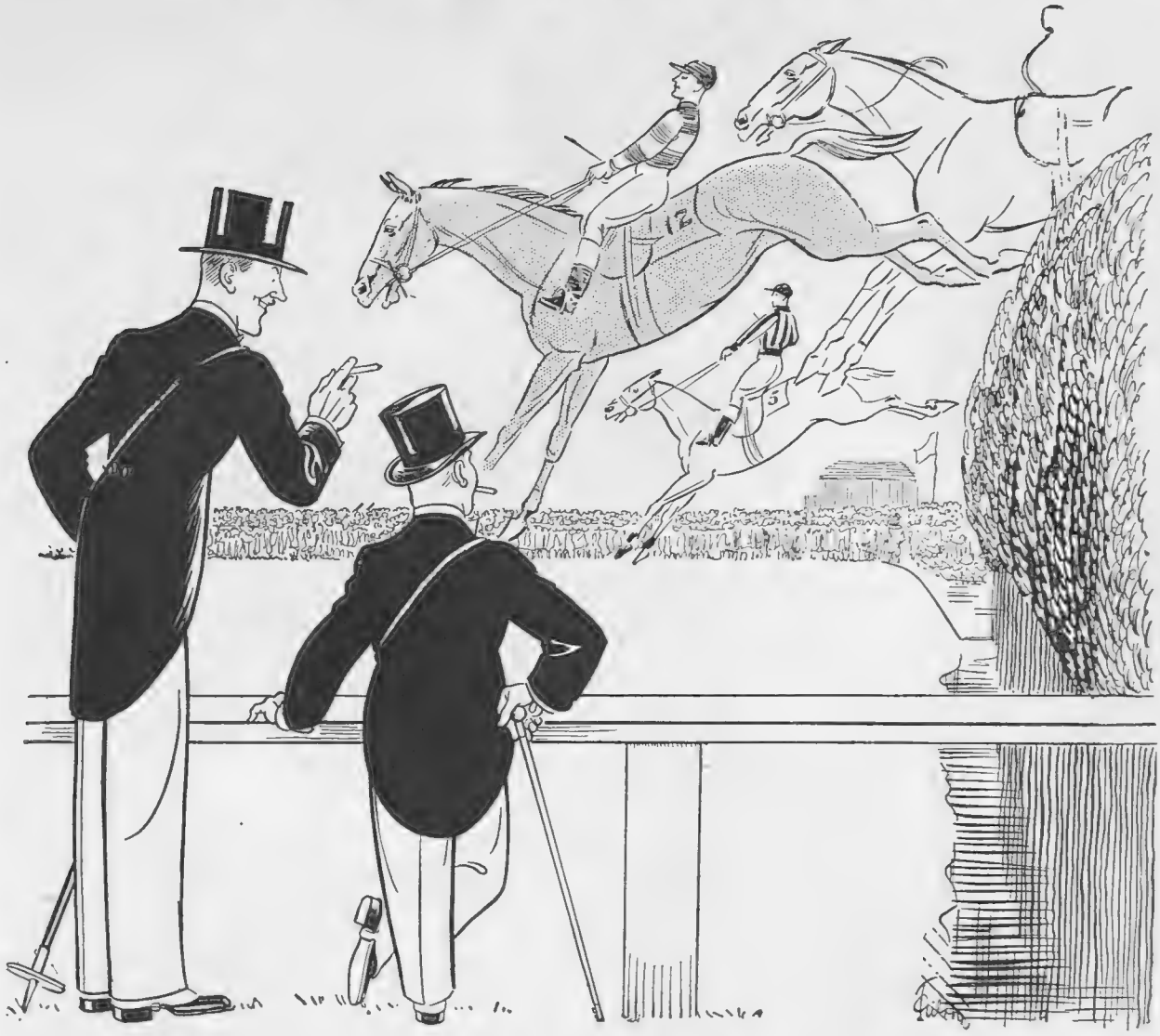

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Our camera artist meant to show how charming Miss —— looked with her Ciro pearls. But this lady preferred to remain anonymous. "After all," she said, "people have always taken them for expensive real pearls—it's so hard to tell the difference. Why shouldn't they go on thinking so?"

CIRO PEARLS LTD., 178 REGENT ST. (DEPT. NO. 7), LONDON, W. * 48 Old Bond St., W. * 120 Cheapside, E.C.

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SPRING FASHION SPECIAL

THE HAT of the HOUR

A brim which frames the face and casts a soft shadow over the eyes is a potent weapon in Fashion's armoury. In this baku hat, from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., the graceful curve is accentuated by pleats. A band of leather encircles the crown. It is loosely knotted at the back, while in front there is a novel gilt ornament

THE CRYSTALLISATION OF SPRING MODES

THE COUNTYX COAT

Tweed Rules Daytime Hours

FROM the mass of conjecture which always surrounds the launching of models destined for a new season certain definite facts are now emerging with reference to the clothes we shall wear this spring. During the day tweeds will reign supreme. In weave, in texture, and in colours they are very different from the "countrified" suits with which they were wont to be associated. Many are as soft and supple as satins, and so loosely are some of them woven that they have almost the effect of a lace stitch. Admirably blended colours are another feature of the new patterns, and it should be noted that it is now considered quite *de rigueur* to wear tailored tweed wraps over dresses of *crêpe de Chine,* or even of printed satin or foulard.

In Versatile Mood

ILLUSTRATED on the left of this page is the Countyx coat, which admirably illustrates the way in which utility and an air of fashionable distinction can be blended. It is made of weather-proofed Scotch tweed, and is so perfectly cut that it is as suitable for formal as for informal wear. It is obtainable practically everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, inquiries should be addressed to 16, Cannon Street, E.C.

Chiffon Wins Evening Honours

PRINTED chiffons, by virtue of the illusion of youthfulness and grace which they create, are regarded with favour, and they are flattering to almost every type of wearer. No accusation of conservatism can be levelled against them so far as designs are concerned, for they range from delicate patterns of field flowers on pale or black grounds to exotic blooms which tumble over each other in a riot of glorious colour. With such dresses the very newest form of shoulder posy is made of exquisitely tinted glass, with long stalks of shaded taffeta. They adhere faithfully to the floral scheme of the fabric.

Skirts Are Very Animated

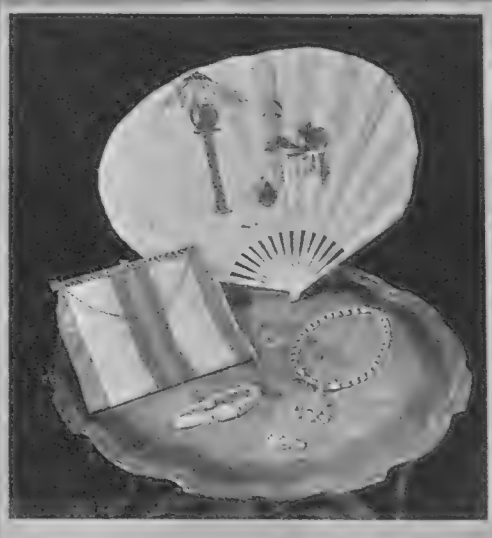
SKIRTS wander where they will, floating panels, cleverly inserted flares an dgodets, and intricate draperies combining to make bewilderingly uneven hemlines. Generally speaking, they are noticeably longer in front in the evening, and they almost invariably dip markedly at the back. Modified bustle draperies are seen on satin and moire gowns, and princess lines are introduced in some of the dresses which have been designed for debutantes. These can only be worn by the very slender. Black will again be fashionable, a blazing ornament or a frequently rather surprising touch of colour being introduced at the hip or on the corsage. Coatees of lace or chiffon or georgette accompany many frocks, and unusual shaped capes or boleros add an air of piquancy to other models. Fragile brocades in rich but subdued hues have their designs embroidered in beads, and sequined lace is another newcomer on whom Fashion has been pleased to smile.

Parisian interpretations of all-important accessories seen at Robinson and Cleaver's. The black and white plaid envelope bag and the square calf one are both very new. The umbrella in the foreground slips into a leather cover which has a zip fastener

Photographs by Underwood

'Tis little things that count. From Woolland Bros. comes this feather fan, and also the painted affair below. Oriental brocade makes the evening bag depicted above, while the other is of striped kasha. Jewellery also has its role to play

A graceful wrap in teal satin and chiffon velvet, trimmed with soft brown fur. (Woollands.) The debutante's frock comes from Debenham and Freebody, and is of pale blue net, through which gleams discreet touches of pink



Bertram Park

COLOUR CONQUERS FASHION'S HEART

A shady hat of beige baku, with a felt brim, is seen on the left. "The Gardener's Daughter" is of shiny black straw, with many loops of soft satin ribbon beneath the brim. (Gorringes)

BROWNS, such shades of green as lime and teal, and sunny yellows are the colours in which we shall greet the warm weather. The browns are favoured for tailored suits, and for coats which are made in soft woollen fabrics. Greens and yellows often appear in printed materials on dark grounds, or in the form of a jersey or a cardigan with three-piece stockinette suits. Touches of leaf-green are added to simple, white *crêpe de Chine* dresses. Printed satins, *crêpe de Chines*, and taffetas are used for afternoon frocks, all of which are characterised by flowing lines, and the intricate arrangement of the skirts. Scarves are infinitely varied in shape. Three-cornered flag scarves in red, white and blue, or in black, red and yellow are enjoying a vogue. They are worn with sports clothes and on formal occasions, and they lend themselves to clever drapery. There are also reversible satin and *crêpe de Chine* squares, with many colours subtly combined in the borders, and straight pieces of *crêpe de Chine* embroidered in wool with a bird, a flower, or a geometric design. Other scarves are worn twisted round the throat like a rope, two long flared ends swinging at the back. Sets which consist of a hat, scarf, and bag, all *en suite*, are particularly smart. They may all be made of the same fabric, or different materials may be used, each exploiting the same colours and design. Buttonholes composed of three *coq* feathers are another way in which vivid hues are introduced, particularly in the case of black *ensembles*.

This two-tone strap shoe is of oak glacé and reindeer, with a Spanish heel. The Court shoe is of red watersnake, with an inset of glacé. They come from Saxone

A Spring ensemble from Harvey Nichols. The long coat is of black silk, while the jumper and scarf are of crêpe de Chine patterned with a design of yellow and green flowers. The three-tiered skirt achieves the fashionable hemline

Photographs by Yvonne Gregory

THE LOUNGE HALL illustrated above is a good example of the seventeenth century Dutch manner. Its mellowness makes an immediate appeal and the atmosphere of the room as a whole is such that most people would find it to be permanently satisfying.

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Hamptons will be pleased to prepare coloured drawings showing you exactly how any particular effects which you have in mind can be ideally and economically attained, thus enabling you to assure yourself in advance that, when complete, the appearance, the appointments and the comfort of any given rooms shall all be to your entire satisfaction.

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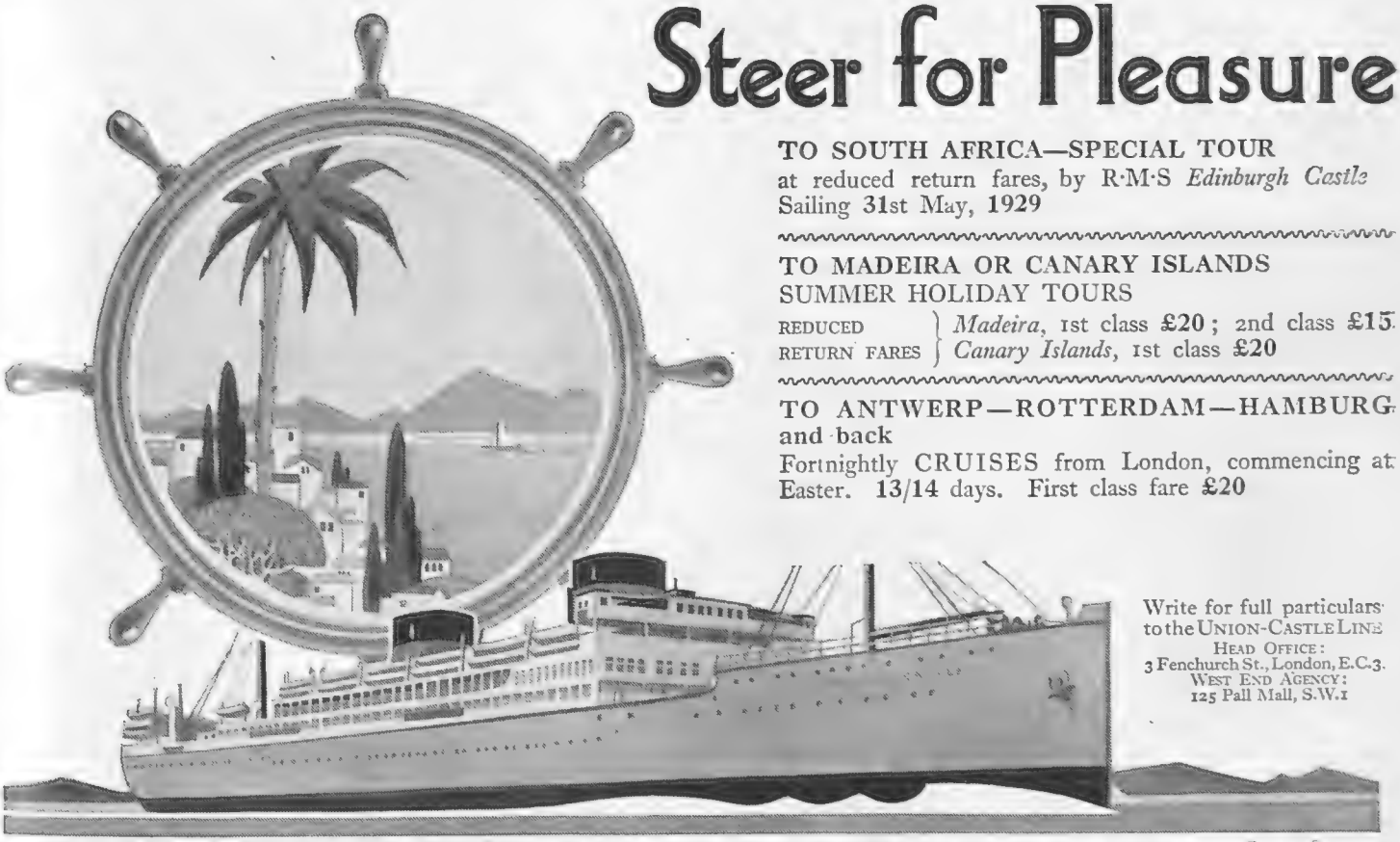
Steer for Pleasure



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REDUCED RETURN FARES } *Madeira*, 1st class £20; 2nd class £15
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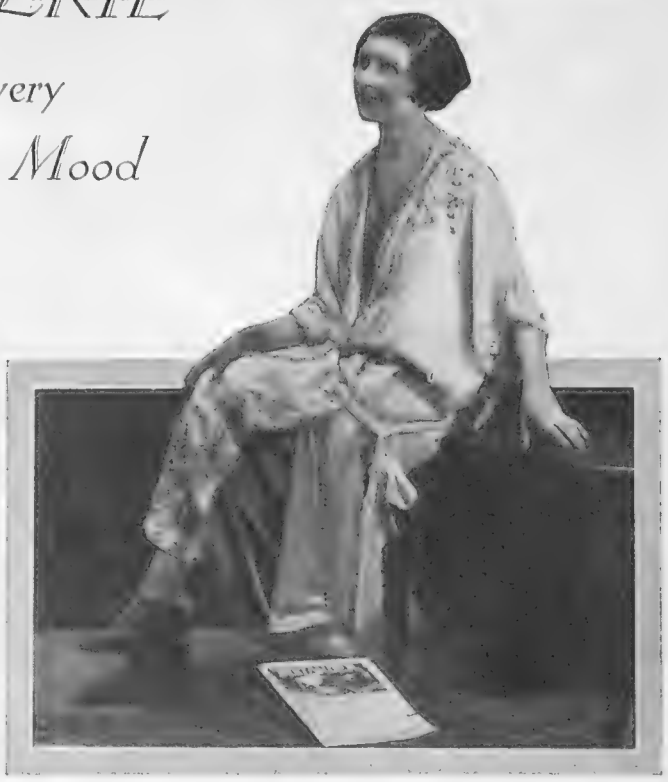
UNION-CASTLE LINE

LINGERIE

for Every Feminine Mood

Fresh and delicate as the hues of summer flowers are the shades of the spring lingerie. Coral georgette has been used for the chemise on the left. Embroidered net forms a dainty edging, and the knickers are set into a flat, shaped band. The little jacket is of Shetland lace, trimmed with swansdown and multi-coloured ribbons. (From Swan and Edgar)



In his new 1929 Revue, Mr. C. B. Cochran exploits "bed-time dresses," which he declares will completely oust nightgowns and pyjamas as we know them to-day. Such a prophesy is a bold one in the face of such lovely garments as those depicted here. Above, on the right, is a negligée of pink georgette and crêpe de Chine, which comes from Swan and Edgar. It is decorated with Valenciennes lace and is finished with a posy of flowers. Below is a crêpe de Chine nightdress cut on princess lines. The insertions are of ecru lace

Typically modern are these pyjamas, made of boldly patterned crêpe de Chine. Marshall and Snelgrove are responsible for them, and the colour scheme is black and white, with a border in which red is introduced at the hem of the simple sleeveless jumper

Photographs by Bassano

"I spoke to the clubhouse man"

"YES, just a casual word about my morning and night's Wright's habit—and he said he'd try Wright's in the Clubhouse.

Now he has a complaint if members find other than Wright's there.

You come in after a round, with hot, grimy hands, and freshen up with new life by a wash with Wright's.

—but Wright's is really a valuable antiseptic and safeguards your skin and your general health as well.

Take a tip—use it night and morning."

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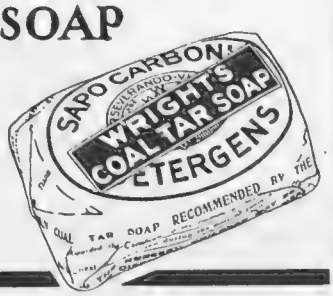
COAL TAR SOAP



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Bath size 10d.

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Resist Tropical Sun, Sea Air and Washing "Sunpruf" Unfadable Fabrics Any length fading will be replaced.

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"SUNPRUF" VELVETS, 4/11; DAMASKS, 2/11 to 29/11; REPPS, 3/11; ART SILKS, 3/9; CRETONNES, 1/11½ to 5/-; CASEMENT CLOTHS from 11½d.

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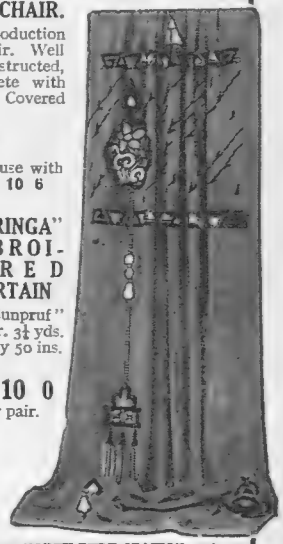

WILLIAMSON & COLE'S Showrooms are almost opposite CLAPHAM NORTH TUBE STATION, and are easily reached by Tube from any London Terminus in about 15 minutes, or from Victoria by Electric Railway in 7 minutes. Hours of business, 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Saturdays, 1 p.m. Buses 5a, 32, 32c, 32d, 51, 51a, 67, 80, 88, 88a, 89, 105 pass the door. 'PHONE: BATTERSEA 0300. TELEGRAMS: "GREATLY" LONDON.

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2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
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THE LINE OF BEAUTY

Hidden Treasure

THERE is nothing more arresting in life than a sudden transformation. One realises it particularly when a thing to which one has become accustomed thrusts itself upon one's consciousness by virtue of some change. It may be a house that one has passed day after day unnoticed. Neglected, the whole character of the place is obscured. And then, suddenly, something happens, and as the weeks pass the place becomes interesting and pleasant. The garden is filled with flowers; the paths are neat and the lawns green. The house itself seems to smile. Almost unconsciously one turns to it and greets it as a friend. Its possibilities are revealed, and one marvels that one could ever have been so entirely unaware of their existence.

The Discovery

FAR more tragic than these ill-kept houses are the complexions of numberless women who do not realise that beneath a perhaps somewhat unpromising exterior lie hidden reserves of beauty which a little care and attention will bring to light. Dirt-laden air is the greatest foe, for the skin, breathing through the pores, draws into them the impurities which eventually clog them, and cause them to become enlarged; a state which, in its turn, leads to that dull appearance which is absolutely fatal to good looks. Absolute cleanliness, then, is the one golden rule which governs every type of complexion. This is an easily recognisable fact.

Beautiful women the world over pin their faith to Pond's Cold Cream and their Vanishing Cream. Used in conjunction with their new Skin Freshener and their Cleansing Tissues they will keep the skin radiantly fresh and smooth

The mistake which is frequently made is that people do not realise that, living under the conditions we do, soap and water are not enough to keep the skin in perfect condition.

Its Exploitation

A GOOD face cream is an absolute necessity. Used regularly it will work wonders, even in a short space of time. Very soon unmistakable signs of the beauty that has been obscured by neglect will come to light. Then it becomes a matter of duty to guard it carefully and to keep it always free from harm and impervious to the unkind fingers of Time. Pond's Cold Cream is marvellously refreshing, and the beneficial effect it has upon the skin can immediately be felt. After exposure, and always at night, it should be spread over the face and neck and left on for a time so that the valuable oils can sink into the pores. Then it should be gently removed with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, which are delightfully soft and absorbent. Next, the face should be briskly patted with Pond's Skin Freshener, which, being a mild astringent as well as a tonic, closes the pores, tones, and invigorates. Lastly—except at night—just a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream should be added, for it protects the skin and creates a smooth and flawless surface to which powder firmly adheres.

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Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We are pleased to inform you that the net sales of Rover Cars for the first five months of our current financial year have been more than double those of the same period last year. This is Certified by a prominent firm of Chartered Accountants.

The ever-increasing popularity of Rover Cars is undoubtedly due to the universal recognition by a discerning public of their many sterling features, among them being the remarkably high standard of workmanship and their excellence of performance, as evidenced by the unique R.A.C. Certificate we hold. Other factors are their Two Years Guarantee and our undertaking not to reduce the prices of 1929 models during the present Season.

As, of course, you are aware, we use Wakefield Castrol motor oil in our Works and in Rover Cars on test. Moreover, we recommend all Rover owners to use the Castrol grades that we have found so satisfactory in order that their cars may be kept in their highest state of efficiency.

Yours faithfully,
THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED.

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Use Wakefield CASTROL
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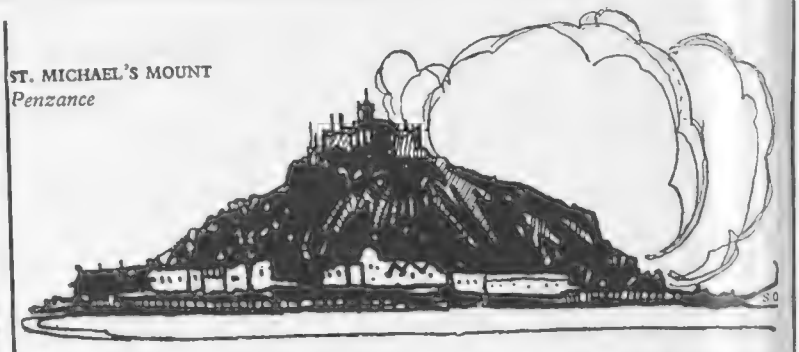

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Looks like silk, is more durable than silk, and is much cheaper than silk. 37/38 ins. wide.
Striped designs, **3/3d.** Per yard.
Plain or Self Checks, **3/6d.** Per yard.

"Courlyn" (REG^D)

Delightfully soft and supple, "COURLYN" hangs as a really good Rayon and Wool Marocain should. Shown in large range of colours.
37/38 ins. wide, **6/11d.** Per yard.

"Delysia" (REGISTERED)

The fabric that drapes gracefully, wears well, and retains its luxurious appearance after washing.
37/38 ins. wide, **3/11½d.** Per yard.

"Courcain" (REG^D)

Another of Courtaulds' Rayon and Wool Marocains. For hard wearing and washing it is unsurpassed.
38/39 ins. wide, **4/11½d.** Per yard.

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Everything a high-grade Satin should be For occasions when fashion demands something different, something distinctive. Sold in dainty shades.
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A delightful Crêpe Suède fabric for milady's every fashion need. A new fabric carrying the full Courtauld guarantee. Many dainty shades obtainable.
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For Lingerie, Negligée and Boudoir Wraps, Dressing Jackets, Breakfast Wraps, etc A very reliable and durable Washing Satin.
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Fascinating colours and designs. For Dresses, Jumper Suits, Children's wear, etc.

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All the fabrics named above are produced from Courtaulds' Finest Rayon Yarns.

The TAKE-OUT AT CONTRACT

By "ACES EASY"

I IMAGINE that every reader of every Contract article ever written will tear his hair with that irritation said to be engendered by the Chinese torture of allowing drops of water to fall at stated intervals upon one given spot when he sees for the *n*th time the words "All take-outs at Contract are from strength." Yet it is the bounden duty of all pedagogues to ram this platitude home. It is the key-note of all profitable partnership. Disregard of it is the gate to that road to hell paved with the good intentions of "showing you I couldn't support you, partner," or "letting you know what I had."

One never "denies" a suit *from weakness* save by saying "No Bid"; one "denies" a suit from strength *only* if one's partner calls "One"; never if he calls more.

⁂

THERE are two schools of thought in the theory of the Take-out: one, with which I profoundly disagree, believes in "showing aces" even though one supports one's partner's call. A hand I saw published recently made North, holding spades A-Q-x-x-x, hearts J-x-x-x, diamonds x, clubs A-K-J, Take-out South's "One Heart" into clubs. South then "showed aces" in diamonds, and North continued the performance by bidding spades. South returned (for what reason, after a double denial, I cannot conceive) to hearts, of which he held A-Q-10 to six, and North jumped the bid to the Slam.

THE bidding of this hand was admirable so far as the ultimate call went, but I hold it the bounden duty of North to have supported the heart call before "showing aces." To undertake the club contract seems fantastic, needlessly arbitrary, and unnecessarily conventional. Yet, even though I deprecate the system of calling, I put it before Contract players as a method of bidding with is quite "correct" according to many fine exponents of the game.

⁂

ON North's cards I am inclined to bid *three* hearts, praying my partner has more than a minimum bid and can go to four; then, *and then only*, do I, as North, show the club ace. South, seeing Slam signals waving by my bid after a game contract has been reached, shows the diamond ace, and then I can go to the small Slam in hearts on the strength of my black aces and my diamond singleton.

I have taken this hand as a typical example of what I may call common sense as opposed to hyper-conventional bidding, for I hold it quite possible to get the same results by both methods, and I hold it vitally important to support your partner whenever you can. *On my system you cannot support your partner by taking out his call into another suit.*

⁂

I BELIEVE in a take-out of my partner's bid of one when I hold less than average support (three small cards, ace-doubleton or king-doubleton, and *nothing less*) in his suit, and hold a suit worth an original bid on my own cards. Should my partner be strong enough to return to his own call, then, if I can give him a lift on side cards I do so. On ace-king to five clubs, two small spades, three hearts to the ace, and three small diamonds I raise a heart or diamond call by one trick and deny spades with two clubs.

If I hold a long suit queen or jack high (six at least, preferably seven, or more), *and* quick tricks outside, I deny my partner's call with a redundant bid—two spades over a heart, three hearts over a spade. Without the quick tricks I *pass*.

⁂

ANY suit worth an original bid, *major or minor*, should be called over partner's one no trump. With the certainty of the cards to justify the call, partner can rebid his no trumps to game or, if preferred, can advance the Take-out to game. The long weak Take-out—six or seven to the queen and two quick tricks—is shown by a redundant call of three over the no trump. Without the tricks you should pass.

⁂

IF you have a game hand with the aid of the tricks announced by your partner's bid, go for it bald-headed. Such a hand as ace-king-queen to six hearts, three spades, a singleton, and three to a king should be bid as *four* hearts over partner's one spade.

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ITALIAN
Vermouth

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Brand

From all Wine Merchants

The First Cocktail—
The MARTINI
⅔ Martini Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
1 Dash Orange Bitter
Squeeze of Lemon peel

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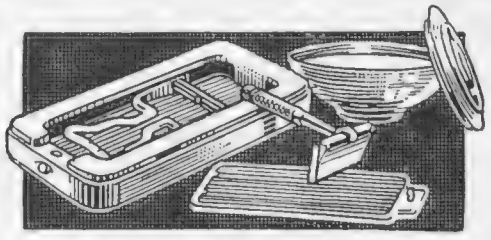

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Razor Sets 21/- and 27/6. Soap Bowl 3/6.
Bowl Refill 2/-. Shaving Cream 1/3.
Manufactured by
Rolls Razor (1927), Ltd., London, N.W.2.

STROPS AND HONES ITSELF

A Traditional Symbol

Though our methods of saluting our friends differ according to their sex, there is as much expression in the sweep of a hat as in the clasp of a handshake—but there is less excuse for unbecoming headwear than for a grimy hand.

Your hat is the focus point of observation at all times. Beneath it is the mirror of your thoughts and emotions—it is the expression of your individuality.

A Battersby Hat expresses that individuality with an added distinction that is not obtrusive—it is the qualification of the well-groomed and has a fitting comfort equalled only by its perfect balance, style and easy security.

Ask for a Battersby and look for the name on the leather. Sold by the best Hatters, everywhere. 20/- is the economical price that buys a longer-wearing hat, also at 25/- and 30/-.

Battersby

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The distinction you can afford

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., *LONDON & STOCKPORT*

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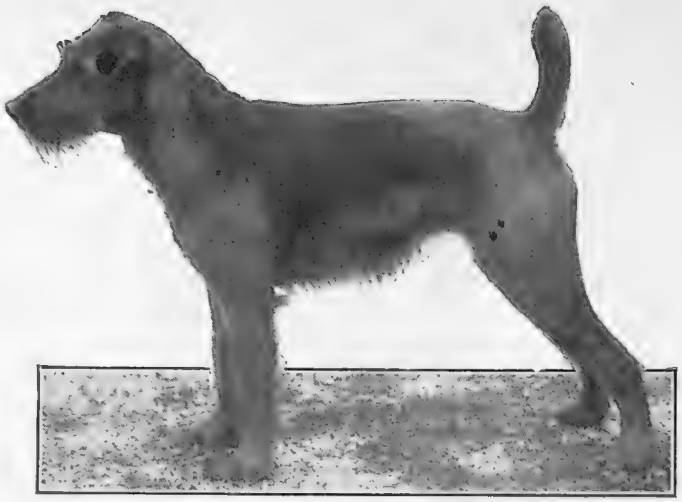
DOGS

TO-DAY (Wednesday) brings the opening of Manchester's big two-day Championship Dog Show, which always attracts a good muster from the South, as well as the North Country. Admirers of that very smart man-about-town, the French Bulldog, have arranged a Show in Marylebone for to-day. An important coming event North of the Border is the fourth annual Championship Show of the Scottish Gun-Dog Association in Edinburgh on April 3; and Kensington's Championship Show, now so big a function that it has to be held in the Crystal Palace, comes on April 11.



MENNA R'HEN

An eighteen-month-old Welsh Terrier of great promise, who is owned by the Misses Thomas and comes from the Keen Kennels at Builth Wells. He has been shown three times and has landed three firsts

HARD TACK for HEALTH

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE old countryside saying that "the breed goes in at the mouth" remains as true as ever, and the most important single factor in successful Dog-keeping being correct feeding. It's not surprising that a large proportion of the inquiries received from readers should bear on this subject. What is odd is the fact that so many ancient fallacies persist, despite the publicity given to correct principles and the high standards reached by leading British makers of Dog foods—by far the best in the world, like our British Dogs themselves. But the errors, the palpable blunders, alackaday, seem as numerous as ever. Take this, for example, from a BYSTANDER reader in Salisbury:

"A FEW months ago we decided that our three Cockers, delightful persons and all champion-bred, were getting too fat. They were fed on the best Dog biscuits, with some meat from our own table, and a doggy friend advised us to change this, washing out the meat, and giving bread in place of biscuit, soaked either with milk or gravy. We did this, but, alas! the poor dears seem to be getting fatter than ever, and two of them are now bothered by some sort of skin trouble as well, and are terribly lethargic; yet they have had no meat or biscuits for a long time."

THAT "doggy friend" deserves a bread-and-water sentence for himself, if not something lingering with boiling oil in it. Bread soaked either in milk or gravy forms a thoroughly pernicious diet for any Dog, and perhaps the worst possible for a Cocker already tending, as their delightful family mostly do, to *embonpoint*. To be good for Dogs food must be *hard tack*; something they can gnaw, chew, crunch or tear. Meat in one form or another (best raw, and cut in thin slivers) is good; and biscuit is better than any bread. No soaked, soft or sloppy dishes are good, and make for adiposity, flatulence and skin troubles. The daily diet for those Cockers (and most other grown Dogs) should be one meal of lean meat and broken biscuit, and one snack of dry biscuit.

"BUT our Dogs are rather dainty feeders, and simply won't take dry biscuit." That is a common complaint from inquirers, and, almost always, it's a libel upon perfectly good Dogs. It's generally the owner who is "dainty."

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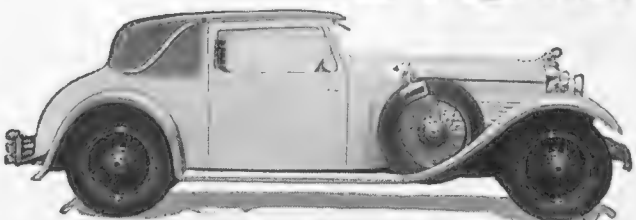

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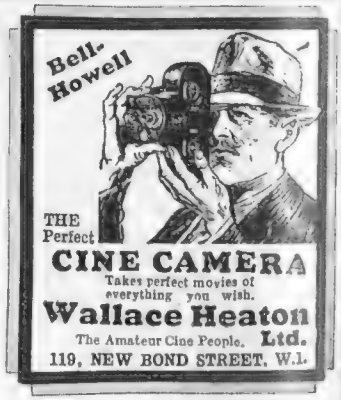

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Fonds d'Artichauts à la Béchamel

MAKE a savoury stuffing with breadcrumbs, chopped herbs, a mushroom, a pounded anchovy, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Make this into a paste by cooking it in a little cream and gravy; fill some artichoke bottoms with it and let them simmer in a Béchamel sauce. Serve with fried sippets. The preserved artichokes (*fonds d'artichauts*) are very good for this purpose and require very little cooking.

Veau à la Terrapin

CUT the veal into dice. Fry well together in a stewpan one tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour, add one cupful of cream and stir until smooth and thick. This will give a smooth sauce of a pale coffee colour. Add the veal and a good seasoning of salt and white pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Then add three hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and cook five minutes longer; add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and take from the fire. Serve with a garnish of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Menu du Déjeuner

FONDS D'ARTICHAUTS À LA BÉCHAMEL

VEAU À LA TERRAPIN
RISOTTO À LA MILANAISE
POMMES SAUTÉ

OMELETTE AU RHUM

CROÛTES DES CREVETTES

CAFÉ

Risotto à la Milanaise

FRY 3 oz. of chopped onion in 2 oz. of butter until a golden brown. Then add 6 oz. of rice, stir without stopping for two or three minutes, add by degrees one pint of stock, stir occasionally, and simmer gently until the rice is just soft. Add a very small amount of grated nutmeg and 1½ oz. of grated cheese before the rice is cooked; after this stir and cook for three or four minutes until the rice is quite soft. Take off the pan, add a small pat of butter, stir well, and serve very hot.

Omelette au Rhum

BEAT up three eggs with a tablespoonful of cream, a tiny pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Melt ½ oz. of butter in the omelette pan, pour in the mixture, and cook while stirring until it begins to set. Let it colour slightly under the grill, then roll up carefully, and turn out on a hot dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and add a small spoonful of rum, which is poured alight on the top of the omelette. Dish up quickly and serve.

Croûtes des Crevettes

POUND a quarter of a pint of picked shrimps with 1 oz. of butter and ½ oz. of anchovy paste; season with pepper. Fry some rounds of white or brown bread in butter, drain and cool. Spread one side of each croûte thickly with the preparation. Place a whole shrimp in the centre of each, garnish with pastry, and serve cold.

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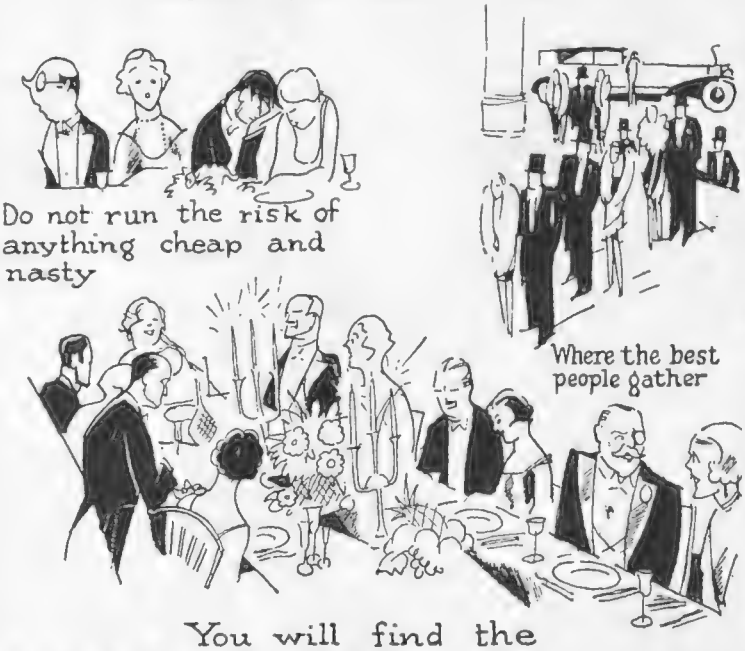

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Passing of a Landmark

One more landmark in artistic and Bohemian circles is vanishing with the demolition of the Pall Mall Restaurant in the Haymarket, where the well-known firm of Hampton and Sons recently disposed of the whole of the contents, including the cellar of wine. There are very few celebrities of the last decade who have not patronised this famous *restaurant intime*, as is evidenced by the unique book of autographs cherished by the proprietor, Mr. F. Boriani. This wonderful volume contains mementoes of celebrities as far apart in the world's affairs as Tetrazzini and John Redmond and Melba and Sir Ernest Shackleton, while France is represented by Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt, and, indeed, the greatest names in art, literature, music, and the stage are recalled on every page. Needless to say, the book will not be included in the sale, but it serves as one more sad reminder of the passing of another link with a period that made the Pall Mall one of the most interesting resorts in London, and famous alike for its clientele and cuisine.

A Spring Cruise

The Cunard liner "Laconia" left Southampton on March 2 bound for a three weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. Amongst the passengers on board were: Constance, Lady Bates; Major-General Sir Archibald Ritchie, K.B.E.; Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Fitzherbert, K.C.B.; Lady Wheeler and Miss Wheeler; Sir Sydney Skinner and Lady Skinner; Sir William Goscombe John, R.A.; Mrs. Luke Fildes; Brigadier-General E. H. Armitage, C.B.; Mr. G. T. S. Stevens, the well-known cricketer; the Hon. Claude Biddulph; the Hon. Mrs. Biddulph; and Mr. John Murray, the well-known architect.

A Notable Achievement

An outstanding achievement of The Gramophone Company is the electrical recording on "His Master's Voice" of "The Yeomen of the Guard." The complete recording of this and other Gilbert and Sullivan operas is exclusive to "His Master's Voice," and is carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte. The artists have excelled themselves, and the most fastidious Savoyard will be carried away by the realism and vitality of the performance, which is strictly on traditional lines. The soloists include Messrs. Peter Dawson, Leo Sheffield, Derek Oldham, George Baker, Walter Glynne, and Arthur Hosking, the Misses Winifred Lawson, Nellie Briercliffe, Dorothy Gill, and Elsie Griffin. The orchestral accompaniment is conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and there is a full chorus. There are eleven double-sided records at six shillings and sixpence each, or the whole opera can be obtained in an album for £3 11s. 6d., and are now on sale everywhere. Other Gilbert and Sullivan musically complete light operas in stock are "The Mikado," "The Gondoliers," and "Trial by Jury."

A charming Old Mill Garden seen at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. It was constructed by Messrs. James Carter and Co., the well-known seedsmen, of Raynes Park

Easter Gifts

Easter inevitably brings visions of chocolate Easter eggs and other seasonable confectionery to all young people, and visions of boxes of chocolates to more than a few of their elders. Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., the famous chocolate manufacturers, of Bristol, have always made a point of specialising in Easter attractions, and this year they have once more stepped into the breach with an assortment that is as varied as it is attractive. The name of Fry stands for all that is best and purest in chocolate, but, far from being content to rest on their laurels, this famous firm is always hard at work devising new and attractive lines, and this year's novelties will be found to be up to their usual high standard of excellence. A Fry Easter, in fact, inevitably means a happy Easter for young and old.

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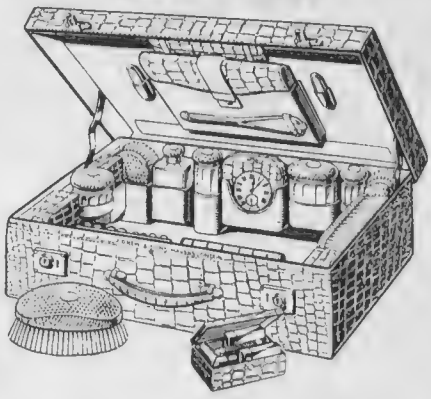

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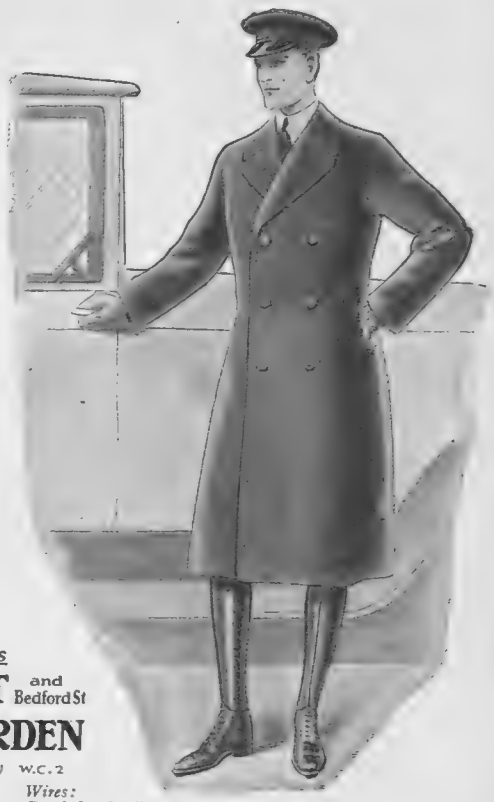

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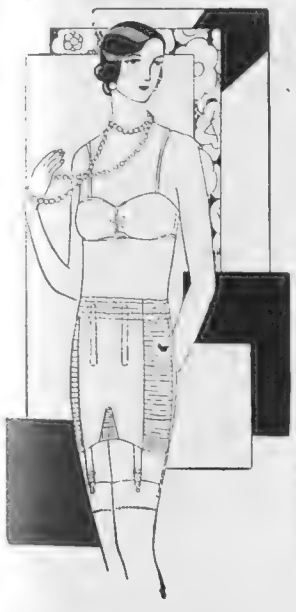

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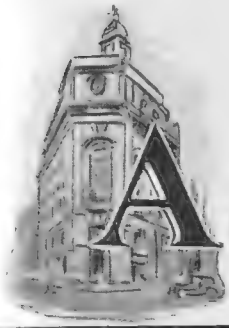

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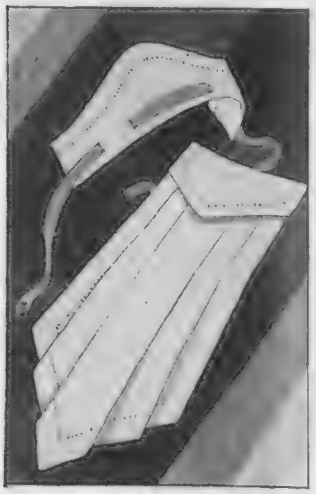

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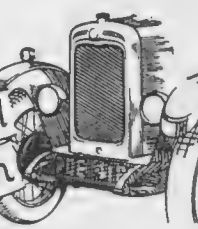

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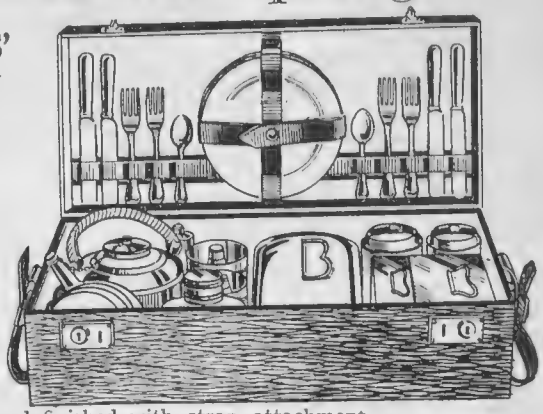

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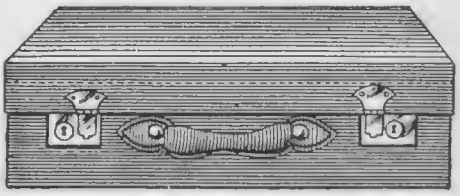

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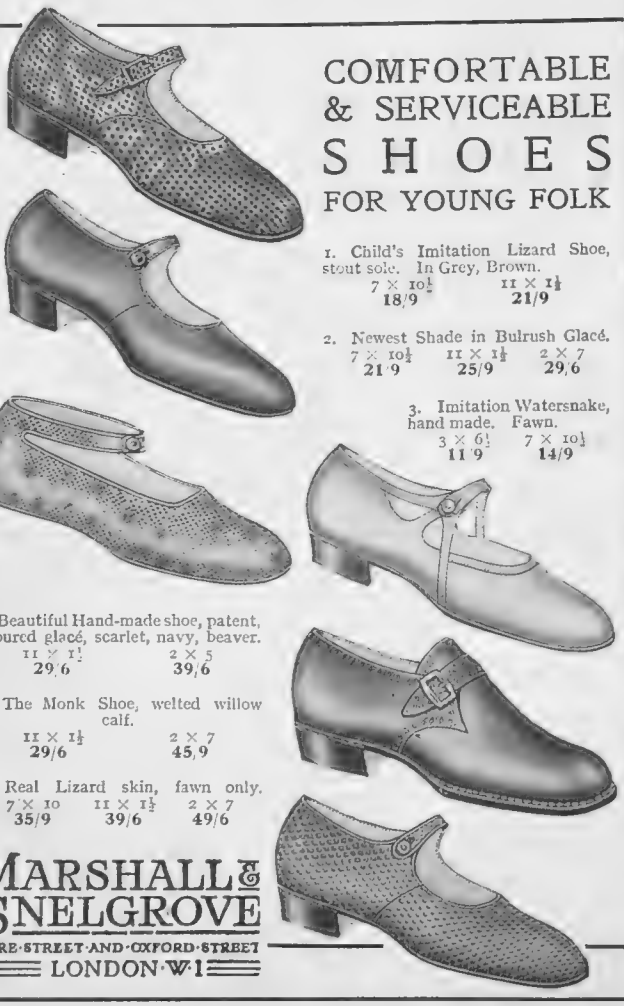

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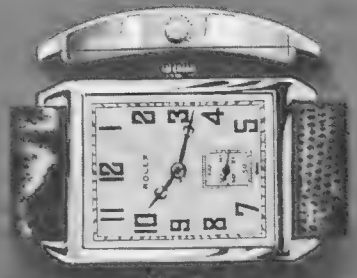

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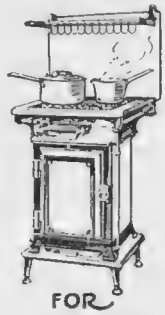

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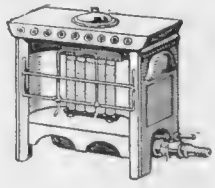

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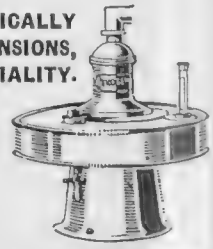

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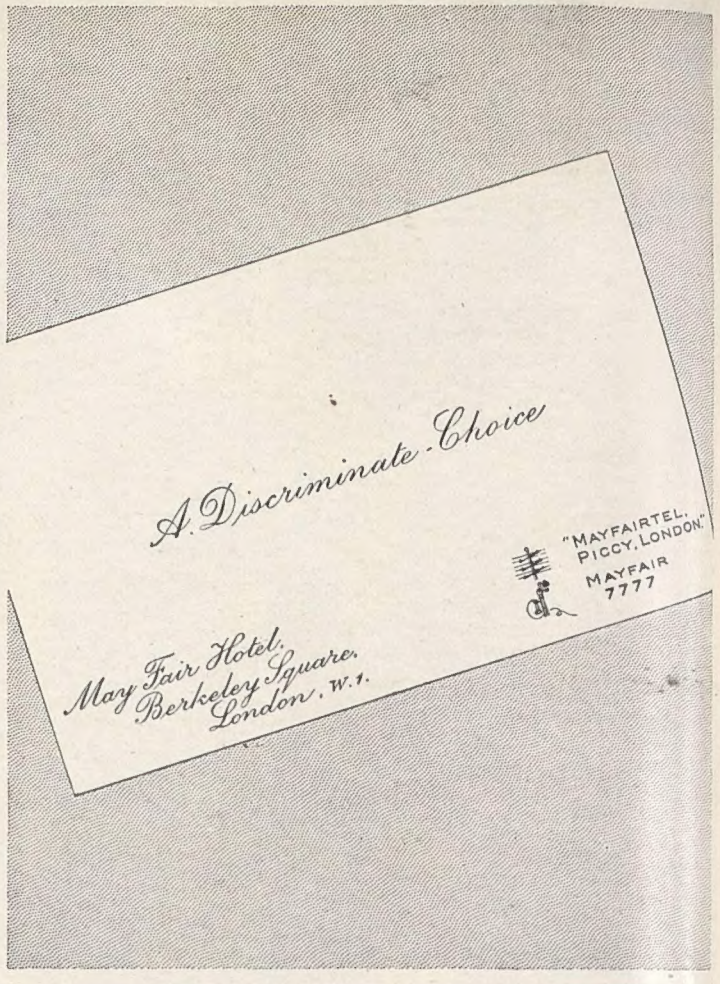

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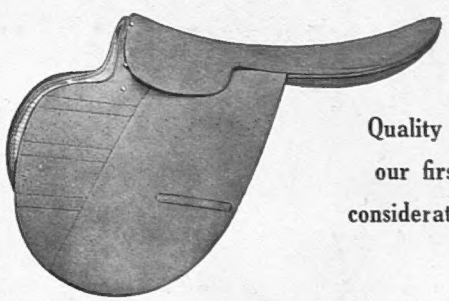

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The Major : "Heard what happened to Howard? Sounds like fiction!"

Sir Edward : "No, what's the excitement?"

The Major : "Well, when he got his Agent's account there was no mention of £100 each way he had wired on an 8–1 winner—so it showed him losing £400 instead of winning £600."

Sir Edward : "The old story! What did he do?"

The Major : "He wrote, pointing out the oversight, and by return got a cheque for £600, together with a letter explaining that although the wire had not been received the Agent unreservedly accepted his statement that it had been sent!"

Sir Edward : "Where does the romance come in?"

The Major : "Why! Howard followed the matter up, found his butler had given the wire to a boy, who had pocketed the shilling and torn up the telegram."

Sir Edward : "Humph! His agent must have been a very good man; under the circumstances he had no bet and no claim."

The Major : "No. Immediately he discovered what had happened he insisted upon returning the £600. Still, it showed his agent up in a wonderfully favourable light."

Sir Edward : "Very. Do you recollect who it was?"

The Major : "He calls him 'Duggie.'"

Sir Edward : "Why, that's *my* man. I thought there weren't two firms who would act so liberally—*that's why I'm so enthusiastic about Duggie.*"

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